


Mabel J. Anderson

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WILLIAM YANCEY ERWIN

WANETKA AND OTHER POEMS

BY
WILLIAM YANCEY ERWIN



*Of every virtue, love's the soul,
But soul of vice is hate;
Hate loves itself more than the whole,
Love all would consecrate.
Though deeds of vice we sometimes note,
The hand of love this volume wrote.*

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR

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BY
WILLIAM YANCEY ERWIN.

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DEDICATION

TO ALL LOVERS
OF TRUTH AND HARMONY
THIS VOLUME
IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
W. Y. E. 1909

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Page.
Wm. Yancey Erwin	Frontispiece
Wanetka	13
Iron Mountain Cave.....	27
The Violets She Wore.....	43
In Carolina.....	92
The Pinnacle.....	105
Pioneer Industry.....	115
The Peaceful Lake.....	173
National Road Through Cumberland Gap.....	145
Monument to Confederate Dead.....	164
Reflections	212

INDEX.

	Page.
A Two-fold Life.....	159
A Glorious Fourth.....	156
Ambition	105
A Frolicsome Flea.....	46
Anticipation	44
A Temperance Alphabet.....	165
Bereavement	160
Chicamauga	190
Cumberland Gap.....	84
Choristers	35
Cupid and Hymen.....	33
Dorcas	193
Disgusted	100
Dolly's Outing.....	63
Dreamland	40
Easter	162
Eden	201
Extremes Meet.....	208
Galilee	194
Hope	47
Introductory	9
In Memoriam.....	164
John Sevier.....	115
Kittie Folsom.....	95

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

	Page.
Little Gladys Pitts.....	50
Lines on Receiving a Picture.....	49
March	52
Mating Time.....	57
Maud in the Coal Mine.....	62
Miss Bessie Hyrn.....	96
Multum in Parvo.....	54
Nature's God.....	147
Nothing in Vain.....	170
No One Works But Father.....	50
Obsequies	174
Oh For A Hundred Eyes.....	54
On Der Bum.....	80
Postalitis	41
Pro Bono Publico.....	60
Resurrection	166
Santa Claus.....	167
See How We Grow.....	110
Shinar	172
Slay The Dragon.....	196
Sunset on the Ohio.....	66
The Bitter Dregs.....	178
The Broad and Narrow Way.....	185
The Big Stick.....	113
Tennessee	97
The Dark and Bloody Ground.....	121

ORIGINAL POEMS.

	Page.
The Humming Birds.....	98
The Hyacinth.....	75
That Help Meet of Mine.....	85
The Lord's Supper.....	183
The Lillies.....	155
The Toper's Lament.....	211
Their Works Endure.....	181
The Mote and Beam.....	78
The Merry Widow Hat.....	73
The Old Church For Rent.....	108
The Old Spring House.....	213
The M. B. A.....	200
The Mystic Three.....	198
The Modern Woodmen.....	199
The Rindling Brook.....	71
The School Marm.....	76
The Cardinal.....	77
The Violets She Wore.....	43
Unsounded Depths.....	151
Way Down in Carolina.....	92
Waves of Thought.....	87
Wanetka	13
Was It A Dream.....	203
What Makes Kentucky Great.....	90
Where Prohibition Wins.....	175
Who Hath Woes.....	188
Wild Asters.....	88

INTRODUCTORY.

Bards are *born*, not *educated*,
Hence, they sing in harmony,
With that Being, who created
All on land, or in the sea.

He, who gives them inspiration,
Also, fits their hearts and brains,
In the *front* to take a station,
Leading up to higher plains.

Suns and moons, behind them, leaving,
Oft they soar to distant stars;
Never faithless, but believing
Heroes in their country's wars.

In the din of battle, raising,
Martial notes to cheer us on;
And in peace the victors praising,
Telling of the battles won.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

By the side of dead and dying,
They can comfort with a song;
Or, by plaintive notes and sighing,
Grief, at loss of friends, prolong.

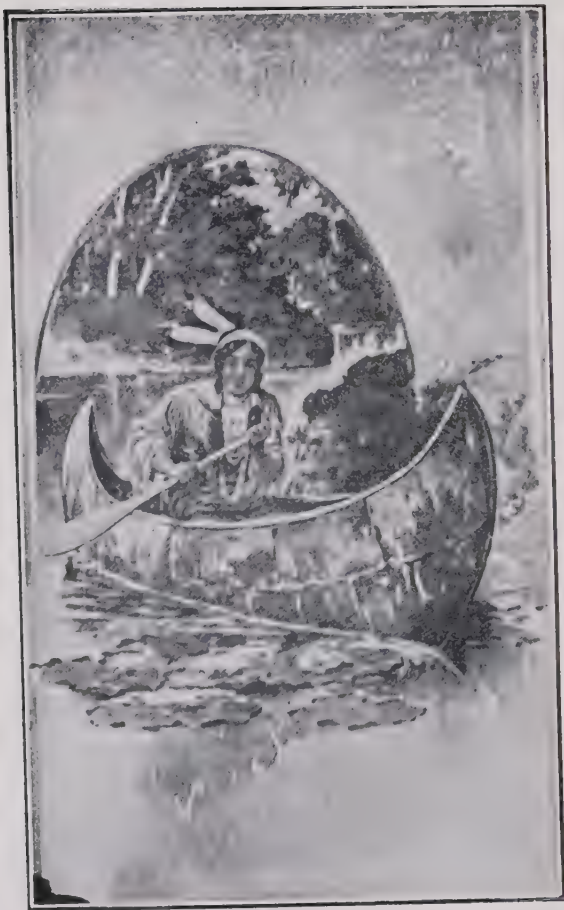
Sacred songs, in accents blending,
With the organ's pleading note,
Make us see the heavens bending,
And bright angels 'round us float.



Part First

ROMANCE, LOVE AND MIRTH.

If, when this book is read with care,
In it, a word or line appear,
That might offend a virgin ear;
In pity, on it, drop a tear.



Wanetka.

WANETKA.

At base of Cedar Mountain,
In storm protected vale,
Where grows the "Magic Hazel,"
Begins this tragic tale;
Here, by some force in nature,
Amounting to a freak,
Burst forth a spring of water,
In volume like a creek.

There, dwelt, a savage chieftain,—
As stories often go,—
Who had a lovely daughter,
As nimble as a roe,
Who joined him in his hunting,
For elk and buffalo,
And often went a fishing,
In, nearby, River Doe.

One day, she ventured further—
With cautious footsteps though,
As dangers ever hover
Where such fair damsels go;—

ORIGINAL POEMS.

She pluck'd the rhododendrons,
And wove them in her hair,
As if to meet some lover,
Expected to be there.

She came unto "The Narrows,"
Where raging waters leap,
In cataracts and cascades,
Adown that rugged steep;
But dare not venture further,
So difficult the way,—
Yet list! She hears a voice,
In pleading accents, say:

"Fair Spirit, of the Mountains,
I pray thee, look on me,
I'm badly bruised and dying,
My name is Allan Lee;
I started down the canyon,
In search of fish and game,
And knew not of this danger—
It unexpected came."

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

“I slip’d from off yon bowlder,
And o’er the cliff I fell,
The agony, I suffer,
’Twere difficult to tell.
I’m far from home and kindred,
No friendly hand is near;
The wild beasts, here abounding,
To other woes, add fear.”

Though strange, to her, the language,
That Allan, to her, used,
She knew, by his surroundings,
He must be badly bruised;
She gazed on him in pity,
When, to him, she had come,
Forgetting thoughts of danger,
And distance from her home.

There was a situation,
To this fair damsel, new,
So, for a few brief moments,
She knew not what to do,
For, all her tribe were seeking,
To either kill or chase,
From off their reservation
The much despised “pale-face.”

ORIGINAL POEMS.

Not long must, woman, reason,
She simply sees and acts,
And, by mere intuition,
She grasps all needful facts;
This power, to her, God giveth,
This fine and subtle sense,
For weaker constitution,
'Tis Nature's recompense.

A *man* will halt and reason,
'Twixt hope and fear for light;
Yet, when at last, he's acted,
'Tis often wrong as right,
While woman gives no reasons,
She simply says "Because,"
She thinks and acts from Nature,
She knows no other laws.

So, when this dark-eyed damsel,
Saw, there before her eyes,
A mortal bruis'd and bleeding,
She did not theorize;
But, with a nerve heroic,
She drag'd him o'er the ground,
While Allan's cries for mercy,
Wak'd echoes all around.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

But, still, this dauntless maiden,
A tender heart possess'd;
And, though her act seem'd cruel,
Yet pity fill'd her breast;—
'Twas not that kind of pity
That fears increase of pain,
When any course of duty,
Is made to one quite plain.

Nearby, a friendly cavern,
Afforded safe retreat,
From hungry wolves and panthers,
And from the mid-day heat;
To this Wanetka drag'd him—
That was the maiden's name—
When Allan saw her object,
His terror turned to shame.

Wanetka knew, her father
Was then prepared to go,
Away to the Grand Pow-wow,
His string of scalps to show;
Yet, vow'd the scalp of Allan,
Who had such pleading eyes,
To them should not be added,
To aid him win the prize,

ORIGINAL POEMS.

Which once a year was given,
To any tribesman, who
Produced the greatest number
Of scalps, from foes he slew;
The brave, who, at this Council,
Brought up the greatest tale,
Would be twelve moons the Sachem,
And lead upon the trail.

And, to him, should be given,
The half of trophies won,
In games of chance or warfare—
No games were played for fun,—
The other half, all played for,
When they returned to camp,
If won, it made a hero,
Of any worthless scamp.

Though looking very simple,
Their games were hard to beat,
For they, like other people,
Were wont to lie and cheat.
But, for a full description
Of games, they played for spoil,
We must refer the reader,
To rules laid down in Hoyl.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

PART II.

The Council met on Friday,
The twenty-fifth of May,
And organized, for business,
"In form," without delay.
The warden and conductor,
When they had made "the round,"
Reported, to the Sachem,
The number present found.

The absentees were many,
Since last the Council met,
Some had been slain in battle,
Some were, by waters, let,
While some were still out hunting,
For deer, and elk, and moose;
Too many, like some churchmen,
"Absent without excuse."

When motions were in order,
A burly chieftain said:
"I move the Noble Sachem,
Our worthy Council's head,
Appoint, from those found present,
Two worthy Chiefs or Braves,
To count the scalps of warriors,
Who, Chieftain's honor, craves."

ORIGINAL POEMS.

Two tellers were appointed,
Both Chiefs of high degree,
So none, of the aspirants,
Would doubt their honesty.
The tellers, thus, reported,
When they had made the count,
“Watauga and Unaka
Are equal in amount.”

Both claimed the badge of honor,
And cited sundry laws,
Which from a selfish view-point,
Supported well his cause.
They said, “divide the honor,
And give to each man half,”
A course so inconsistent,
That e'en the Sachem laugh'd.

At length, two cunning warriors
Moved that, to settle doubt,
'Twere best to let these brothers
Just fight the matter out,
In battle to a finish,
‘Til one or both be slain;
And soon the host agreed, on
A battle twixt the twain.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

Each chose himself a second,
Clothing him with power,
To make all the arrangements,
For arms, and place, and hour.
O-con-o-sto-ta acted
Second for Unaka,
While At-ta-cul-la-cul-ley,
Was such for Watauga.

So much good time they wasted—
'Twas now the tenth of June—
That spirit ghouls had eaten,
The large and pretty moon;
Yet, as they knew good spirits
Would build another soon,
They both agreed, the battle
Should be at next "big moon."

When weapons were submitted,
They each said "Tomahawk."
Since Council stood suspended,
Big bets were all the talk;
One bet a racing pony
Against a raccoon skin,
That he could name the hero,
Who would the battle win.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

All bets were quickly taken,
 Soon none would offer odds;
The friends of both seemed eager
 To worship them as gods.
E'en women of the village,
 Became in morals loose,
And often a fond mother
 Would bet her sweet papoose.

Since all things were agreed on,
 Except as to the place,
Where fortune should give honor,
 Misfortune bring disgrace,
Demand was made of seconds,
 To name the spot, of ground,
Most suited for the battle,
 If such they, yet, had found.

One second had selected
 A site for the affray,
Nearby a stream of water,
 Since called the Watauga.
The other chose a mountain,
 Some twenty miles away,—
That lofty elevation
 Is now called Unaka.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

For many days, the seconds,
As thus divided, stood;
But they, at last, decided
A middle ground was good,
Which, being rudely measured,
Lay midway twixt "The Gorge"
And bend in the Doe River,
Now known as Valley Forge.

No place were better suited,
For such a tragic fray,
So, here, the tribes assembled,
On the appointed day;
And many war-scar'd heroes
Look'd on, with bated breath,
For hours, and hours, expecting,
To see one fall, in death.

So equal waged the conflict,
It seem'd to be a draw,
Still friends, of each, kept cheering,
Excepting one old squaw,
Who, in her bony fingers,
Grasped tight a hazel switch,
Which fact made parties, near her,
Declare she was a witch.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

A crowd soon rushed upon her,
And down she, bleeding, fell,
But ere with life, she parted,
She gave one piercing yell,
So loud that it resounded
From mountain sides, near by,
And drew toward that martyr,
A glance from ev'ry eye.

Though hard press'd, in the battle,
Unaka recogniz'd
The cry, as that of mother,
When greatly agonized;
His gaze was, for an instant,
Drawn from Watauga's eyes,
But, in that fleeting moment,
He drops to earth and dies.

Result of that great battle,
The Cherokees still tell,
Just how Watauga struck him,
And how Unaka fell;
And how the cry of mother,
Relaxed his vigilance,
Which lost, to him, the battle,
And sent his spirit hence.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

'Tis sad to think, Unaka,
For love of mother, lost
And that Watauga's honor
Was won at such great cost!
But we will leave Watauga,
Just where he won his fight;
And further speak of Allan,
Lest he be lost from sight.

PART III.

We left him, with Wanetka,
Back in a cheerless cave,
Where she, in pity, hid him,
His youthful scalp, to save.
She hastened home, and brought him,
A dish of dainty meat,
And, with her cheering glances,
Encouraged him to eat.

Such kindness made him wonder,
From whence Wanetka came,
What kind of tepee had she;
And what could be her name;
For many days thereafter,
She brought him food and drink,
And, as he grew much better,
He more, of her, would think.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

While at the mouth of cavern,
Where he would often cheep,
One day, the mind of Allan
Was wrapt, in dreamy sleep;
He thought he heard Wacotka
Inviting him to come,
Where countless bands of music,
Were playing "home, sweet home."

The roaring of the water,
In gorge of nearby stream,
Produced, in mind of Allan,
The music of that dream;
Her home, he thought, was Heaven,
And that her father, God,
Had order'd him to follow,
The path the maiden trod.

So plain, each word was spoken,
He doubted not the dream,
So sum'd up all his courage,
And started down the stream;
But, ere he reach'd the village,
His strength began to fail,
So down he sank exhausted,
Nearby a beaten trail.



Iron Mountain Cave.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

Wanetka, being started
Upon her daily round,
With food and drink for Allan,
Again, by chance, him found.
This time, she fear'd her people
Would try to trouble give,
Still, she resolv'd that Allan
Should many moons yet live.

What woman vows on doing,
The cause will seldom fail,
Where man is oft discouraged,
Her cunning can prevail.
So, what to do, at present,
No trouble to her gave,
At once, she said: "I'll take him
To Iron Mountain cave."

She said: "That cave is haunted,
By evil Manatau,
So Cherokees and Pawnees,
No longer, to it, go."—
You see, where bravest warrior
Might fear, to enter in,
A woman boldly marches,
Her cherish'd goal, to win.—

ORIGINAL POEMS.

Wanetka knew, her actions
Would all her tribe displease,
But, since she now lov'd Allan,
Her conscience was at ease,
And she would brave all danger,
To save his precious life—
No man can make a statute
To give a truer wife!

PART IV.

A former tribe once worship'd,
Within that dismal cave,
The image of a serpent,—
True symbol of the brave;—
There, still, remains the altar,
And labor at its base,
Where captive souls were offer'd,
To win the serpent's grace.

There, also, is the serpent,
Imbedded in the rock,
A horrid looking creature,
Intelligence to mock.
And there they burn'd much incense,
Of snake-root, thyme and rue,
By which, to win, the favor
Of that wise Manatau.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

Alas! the modern priesthood
Hath made but small advance,
From that crude form of worship—
They torture for penance.
The priesthood murder'd Jesus,
Their sinful selves to save,
Then ask'd a heathen ruler,
For troops to guard His grave.

And, so, throughout all ages,
The righteous have been slain,
By selfish men for profit,
Since Abel, kill'd by Cain.
Nor has a law, enacted
By any clique or clan,
E'er, truly, made a hero
Of any sordid man.

But, here's a royal maiden,
Who acted from pure love,
For Allan's eyes had charm'd her,
As serpents charm the dove;
She, careful, guided Allan
To mouth of haunted cave,
And boldly, went in with him,
For love had made her brave.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

Some warriors saw Wanetka,
And Allan enter in,
And, straightway, told Watauga
About his daughter's sin,
Who heard, with signs of sadness,
The tale those warriors told,
He cried, "What man, among you,
Will enter that stronghold?"

"Who-so will bring the body,
Of him Wanetka hid,
Behold! a hundred ponies,
For such a brave, I bid;
And he, who does that service,
Shall, ever after, stand
My equal in authority,
And claim Wanetka's hand."

One by one, the warriors,
In hope such prize to win,
Went after youthful Allan,
That gruesome cave within;
But he, on ground of vantage,
Although he suffer'd pain,
Slew each and ev'ry warrior,
Who enter'd his domain.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

When many braves had ventur'd,
And none had yet return'd,
Wanetka knew that Allan,
A hero's praise, had earn'd;
As each remaining warrior,
Her lover's prowess, praised,
And vow'd that further weapon,
'Gainst him, should not be rais'd.

Wanetka told Watauga,
Her chieftain father brave,
That *she* would bring forth Allan,
If he, his life, would save,
And give to her the ponies,
And let *him* claim her hand,
Since he could now see, Allan
Was bravest in the land.

With many signs of pleasure,
Watauga bade her go,
And bring him to their tepee,
Down by the River Doe;
Where he should be awarded
The honors of a chief,
And, in all future conflicts,
Bring all his foes to grief.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

Wanetka, then, was happy,
And soon she led him out;
Watauga, that day, made him
His son and trusted scout.
And Allan brought Watauga
And whites, to terms of peace,
And he and his Wanetka
Were blest with much increase.



WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

CUPID AND HYMEN.

Since, just how many years ago,
The musty records fail to show,
The story, that we here relate,
Must needs begin without a date;
But Venus, then a lovely maid,
Was, unto Cyprus, thus convey'd,—
A gentle zephyr, in the Spring,
Bore her upon its downy wing,
And, doubtless for the best of reasons,
She wore a dress made by the Seasons.

They brought her to the House of Gods,
Who greeted her with smiles and nods,
Each of whom would risk his life,
To win such beauty for a wife.
But Jupiter abhorr'd a dude,
And so, to show his gratitude
To Labor, for its worthy pride,
Gave her to Vulcan, for a bride.
Critics vow'd that act was stupid,
And, thus, they dwarf'd her baby-Cupid.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

But Vulcan, Cupid's father, though,
Made for the little lad a bow,
And, from Pandora's box of sorrows,
Selected tips to point his arrows;
And taught the lad just how to shoot,
To pierce the heart, of man and brute;
And e'en the birds that came his way,
Were, by him, made an easy prey.

A flame of love, in ev'ry heart,
Is kindled by his magic dart;
So, Hymen finds much work to do,
In making one heart out of two.



WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

CHORISTERS.

Awake, O, torpid Muse, awake!
And aid me with some fitting words,
Let me all other themes forsake,
While paying tribute to the birds,
Whose merry songs, from year to year,
Bid us dismiss our load of care.

The Sparrow, harbinger of spring,
Is first to start the year with song;
His modest chant suggestions bring,
That winter will be gone ere long;
When all the air will ring sonorous,
With a countless throng in chorus.

The Orioles, in month of May,
Come to our lovely eastern clime;
'Twere vain to ask them long to stay,
They leave again in Autumn time,
Yet while they stay 'tis sweet to hear,
Their happy song in cadence clear.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

The Cardinal, with plume of flame,
Is sympathetic in his song;
He is a prophet—hard to tame—
And when he sings it won't be long
Till gathering clouds, it has been found,
Will moisten all the thirsty ground.

The Taniger, with tips of black,
A visitor from tropic skies,
He shows a crimson breast and back,
A dazzling beauty when he flies;
His song, so simple and so queer,
Consists of two brief notes—Chip-Churr.

The Robin Redbreast is well known,
And loved wherever he is found;
He emigrates to every zone,
And loves to run upon the ground;
He feeds on bugs, worms and cherries,
And gets drunk on China berries.

The Woodthrush has a speckled breast,
And ringing voice, like vesper chimes;
So near the ground they build their nest,
That all their young they lose, ofttimes;
Though often robbed of their increase,
Their song is full of love and peace.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

The Bluejay builds his nest on high,
And drives the hawks and crows away;
He has a top-knot and keen eye,
His song is jay-lick, jay-bird-jay;
When foes about his home appear,
His voice, a war-note, rings out clear.

The Mocking Bird's like men I've known,
Who sing all songs they ever heard,
A dainty medley, not their own,
But mimic, like this little bird,
In vain, we look, we never find
In them originating mind.

The Rosebreasted Grosebeak, I know,
Is so refined in all his tastes,
That he prefers alone to go,
And music make in desert wastes,
To mixing with the motley throng,
Who have no ear for classic song.

The Catbird, dressed in sombre hue,
Is noted for his charming voice,
He is so trusting and so true,
That he stays near our homes, from choice,
The thing that we most wonder at
Is this—he sometimes fools the cat.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

Like other rogues the Bobolink
Changes name on changing places,
His dress he changes, too, we think,
Just to show off airs and graces,
In Southern states he's Ortolan,
But Butterbird, in Yucatan.

The Yellowbreasted Chat, I wot,
Is such a charming little glote,
That some have named him Pollyglot,
Because he mimics every note
That other birds dare try to sing—
Warm summer days, his presence bring.

The Housewren is so very small,
And busy, in his daily life,
He has no time to build at all
A home, in which to keep his wife.
He is a naughty little scold,
Yet some declare his actions bold.

The Meadowlark, when on the wing,
Shows plumage streak'd with polish'd gold,
When he his sweetest anthems sing,
We vainly try him to behold,
With tireless wing, he soars so high,
His form is lost in azure sky.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

How lonely are the winter days,
When these sweet choristers are gone;
But few of them, *then*, with us stays
To cheer the dreary monotone;
The only solace for our pain
Is, spring will bring them back again.



ORIGINAL POEMS.

DREAMLAND.

Conscious oblivion, thou mother of bliss,
My senses to thee, I resign,
No nectar, so sweet as a dream maiden's kiss,
No pleasure more truly sublime!

The absence of Prude from the realm of the soul,
Where only affinities meet,
Makes abandon no crime, but sanctified goal,
And love makes abandon discreet.

Might I but enter that Lethe-lav'd land,
Where mind roams at will, o'er the plain,
And Nymphs gaily dance, on the glittering strand,
Enraptur'd, I there would remain!

Nor wish to return, to this sin knowing sphere,
Where mortals must wear a disguise;
And Prudence says: "Beauty is always more clear,
When partly conceal'd from the eyes."

Oh, languor of Morphia! my senses enthrall,
Transport me, at once, to that land,
Where dream maidens' kisses, like honey-dew fall,
And Joy never waits for command.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

POSTALITIS.

The strangest fad, the world has had,
Since reign of 'pendicitis,
Now comes by mail, on stage and rail,
We've nam'd it Postalitis,
For it was bred, it has been said,
By trav'lers, with a mania
To send, back home, a view of some
Quaint scene in old Germania;
And it has spread, from head to head,
'Til now it, all the craze, is,
And it afflicts, with senseless tricks,
Of many, many phases.

The germ oft lurks in city clerks,
Whence it spreads to the country,
Where pretty girls with bangs and curls,
Must bear with the effront'ry;
Of such vain dudes, whose card includes
The germ of Postalitis;
But soon they learn to yearn and yearn
For him who, so polite, is;
So, when he calls, he finds the walls,
All pitted with Carditis,
Then, if he please, her form he'll squeeze,
For he, her whole delight, is.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

And, in her room, if he should come—
This is no fancy fable—
Another lot, he'll find she's got,
In albums, on the table;
In ev'ry nook, he'll chance to look,
A mixed-up mess the sight is;
So it is clear, that, all the year,
She suffers with Carditis.
And, if she *wed* that brainless head,
A cure is not effected,
They'll *both* begin to flood their kin,
With cards that are infected.

'Tis thus, this dread disease is spread,
The mail sack now a sight is,
Each coming train adds to the strain,
Produced by the Carditis.
Some people swear and pull their hair,
'Til head and face, a sight is,
And all because the postal laws,
Don't quarantine Carditis.
From day to day, I hear men say,
"In vain my heart contrite is,
With joy, I hail, all proper mail,
But d—n this Postalitis."



The Violets She Wore.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

THE VIOLETS SHE WORE.

Those violets thou sendest me,
As tokens of thy love,
Are treasured in my memory,
With blessings from above;
Though withered much their petals are,
For love of thee, preserved with care,
And in my heart they have a place,
Afresh to live and bloom,
Where naught their beauty can efface,
Or rob them of their room. ✱

A pink, or rose, with fragrant flower,
Might charm me, for a spell,
But, when I found a tranquil hour,
On *these* my thoughts would dwell;
No price could make me with them part,
Since thou has worn them o'er thy heart;
Nor will I cease to think of thee,
In sickness or in health;
For love like thine is, unto me,
A source of boundless wealth.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

ANTICIPATION.

I'm happy as the meadow lark,
That cleaves the azure sky,
As time for me to greet my love,
Is drawing very nigh.

I pace the streets, from early morn,
'Til curfew rings at night;
And then, with loving hand, I take
My pen, and, to her, write.

The burden, of my ev'ry note,
Is "haste, my love, the day,
When you will join me on the road;"
I then bow down and say:

'O, God, protect her, from all harm,
And bring her safe to me;
That I may sing a song, of thanks,
And praises unto Thee."

"Thou, Who canst calm the winds that blow,
Across the wave toss'd sea,
Can also guard the train, that brings
My darling unto me."

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

And then, 'to slumber, I commit,
My weary, aching frame,
Assur'd that God will hear the prayer,
Sent up in Jesus' name.



ORIGINAL POEMS.

A FROLICSOME FLEA.

She jerked her dress above her knee,
And soon unhook'd her stocking;
As she was after Mister Flea,
That act was not so shocking.

But as the flea, his life to save,
Began to hop, with haste,
Her crinoline began to wave,
Which drove him to her waist.

She then, her belt and corset, shed,
And threw her outer dress,
Quite nimbly o'er her shapely head,
So great was her distress.

She turn'd her chemise 'round and 'round,
In search of that same flea,
At length, his hiding place she found,—
Then sought to hide from me.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

HOPE.

May our love be strong, enduring,
Greatest happiness insuring,
While our barque sails, on life's turbid sea;
Though our ship be but a dory,
If thou guide it, darling Cora,
It will never drift, far, to the lea.

For, with Christian fortitude,
Thou wilt reefs and shoals elude,
Keeping far from Infidelity;
Where, too many grooms and brides,
Drifting careless, with the tides,
Wreck their little ship, Felicity.

All life's coast is set with snares,
And too many, unawares,
Will become the victims of a fiend,
Who will, with a cruel dart,
Pierce the tender, trusting heart,—
Such are those whose promise is but wind.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

But with love to act as rudder,
We can vie with any scudder,
When our sails are, to the breeze, unfurl'd
If we shun the Straits of Rancor,
We will drop our safety anchor,
In the harbor, of a brighter world.



WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

LINES ON PRESENTATION OF A PICTURE.

Accept this token, from a friend,
Whose ear, enraptur'd, doth attend
 The sound of thy sweet voice.
When clouds conceal the god of day,
Thy smiles can light life's dreary way;
Like sunshine, that 'mid flowers play,
 They make my heart rejoice.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

LITTLE GLADYS PITTS.

(Written for her father, Rev. W. H. Pitts, of Knoxville, Tennessee.)

We've a little girl named Gladys,
Who is sweet as sweet can be:
Her eyes are bright as diamonds,
And her voice is full of glee;
She is sunshine in the household,
And, though she's scarcely three,
She's a boundless source of comfort,
To my loving wife and me.

I have seen a few smart babies,
And of many others read;
But there's none can equal Gladys,
In the cute things done and said;
There's her little feet so chubby;
Don't you hear them pat-a-pat,
As she hastens down the stairway,
Crying, "Papa, where's you at?"

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

How my heart doth leap for joy,
As she climbs upon my knee;
Putting trusting arms around me,
Saying, "Papa, dis is me;
Does you lub me dood as mamma,
Or as dood as I lubs you?"
Then I hug and kiss her fondly,
And say, "Darling, yes, I do."

Oh, there may be other babies,
In this town, as sweet as she;
Yet, for me, there's but one Gladys,
In the whole of Tennessee,
Who can fill my soul with pleasure,
When upon my knee she sits;
And I'm proud to be the father,
Of that, darling Gladys Pitts.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

MARCH.

We trace this word, of letters five,
Back, through the misty ages,
To where mankind began to live,
As taught by all the sages,
Who claim that Adam's courage shrank,
And backbone lost its starch,
When he was forc'd to "Walk the plank,"
And from sweet Eden *march*.

'Twas in the dreamy Autumn days,
When ripen'd fruit was red,
Eve kiss'd his cheek and softly says:
"Now, Adam, arn't we wed?
Come taste the fruit, that opes the eye,
So we, all things, may s'arch,
Nick says, we shall not surely die,
But only learn to *march*."

'Twas in the spring, when budding trees,
The south wind's treasure found,
That God, on Adam, brought disease,
And, for him, curs'd the ground,

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

Which made the thorns and thistles grow,
The hemlock, too, and larch,
They sing a requiem, we know,
On windy days in March.

And tenants, too, in moving vans,
Are seen, upon the road,
With tables, chairs and pots and pans—
A motley, mixed-up load;
At night, they halt and build a fire,
'Round which their shins they parch,
'Til drooping eyes bid them retire,
And off to dreamland *march*.

All, we are tenants, here below,
And, soon, will have to move,
Still, to a better home, we'll go,
Where all is peace and love;
That Eden, lost, we will regain,
Above the star-deck'd arch,
Where thorns and thistles give no pain,
If we, to heaven, *march*.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

How long ago, we cannot tell,
 Dame Nature 'gan to save;
A little drop of water fell,
 From roof to floor of cave,
And, though 'twas hidden far from sight,
It started there a staligmite.

From whence it came, there did appear,
 A slender stalactite, as well,
Which slowly grew from year to year.
 By savings from the drops that fell;
Thus, stalactite and staligmite
Teach "results of saving," right.

As years rolled on, the savings grew,
 'Til in the center they had met;
And we from them this lesson drew,
 That little savings will beget,
In lapse of years, a fortune strong,
That feeble age can rest upon.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

OH, FOR A HUNDRED EYES!

Had I the eyes, that Argus own'd,
Thy beauty would them fill,
For, in my heart, thou art enthron'd,
To reign at thy sweet will.

Those hundred eyes, I'd open keep,
To feast upon thy beauty,
Not one of them would wish to sleep,
While doing that fond duty.

Thy mellow voice, like music sweet,
Might lull me to repose;
But Hermes, with his winged feet,
Could not my eyelids close.

If Io had but equaled thee,
Or own'd thy charming graces
Those eyes of Argus still might be,
In Argus' head—their places—

Instead of on the peacock's tail,
Where placed by angry Juno,
That hundred eyes would not *me* fail,
A fact, both I and you know.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

Though Juno should lend Argus' eyes,
 Thy beauty to behold,
A greater wealth, still deeper, lies
 Like Ophir's mines of gold.

And he, who would that treasure seek,
 Must, with thee, frequent stroll,
And learn, from all thy ways so meek,
 Thy purity of soul.



WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

MATING TIME.

The winter, so long and cold, has passed,
And the snows are melted and gone;
And the budding trees proclaim, at last,
That spring, in her beauty, has come.

The time for the birds to sing, is here;
The dew sparkles bright on the grass;
As spring is the "mating time" of year,
Love brightens the eye of each lass.

* * * * *

A few lovely days, that March had stole,
From April's bright galaxy, grand,
Awoke, in ye bard's long d^eliant soul,
A hope that sweet Spring was at hand.

He wrote of swelling buds and flowers,
Of the sparkling dew on the grass,
Of zephyrs soft and gentle showers,
And glint in the eye of the lass.

* * * * *

ORIGINAL POEMS.

A maiden open'd her mouth to sing,
But ere she reach'd the refrain,
Praising beautiful days of spring,
Boreas brought winter again.

But the maid cared not for ice and storm,
Or snow flying thick in the air,
The room was kept by a presence warm,
For the Poet she lov'd was there.



WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

NO ONE WORKS BUT FATHER.

Mother's at the sea shore, fan'd by balmy breeze,
Sitting in the shadow, of the waving trees ;
With her wits evolving out a cunning plan,
How to get more money, from her patient man.

Chorus.

Father's in the city, grinding out the dough,
Meeting the expenses—he can never go.
No one works but father, he puts up the dimes,
So, his stylish family, keeps up with the times.

Oldest daughter, Ethel, at a watering place,
Angling, for a husband, with her pretty face.
Fred, with launch, a-plowing thro' the ocean wave,
Never cares how father works to earn and save.

Chorus.

Maud, and Grace, and Pauline, kept in boarding
school,
Learning airs and graces, men of brains, to fool.
When the season's over, home, they come once more,
All agree that father is a dreadful bore.

Chorus.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

Part 1st.

Tear away that ancient relic,
Where our fathers went to school,
To make room for pride and progress,
Is the slogan of the fool.

It is known, to all the Nation,
That those puncheon seats, so old,
Are the seats, where honest statesmen
Learn'd to let their minds unfold.

There the blushing maid and urchin
Sat, in silence, side by side;
Soon the lad became a statesman,
And the maid a happy bride.

Don't you know the modern school house,
With its desk and folding seat,
Is the place, where pride and envy
Learn the way, to lie and cheat?

For no longer are the pupils,
Of the modern school of thought,
Expected to be honest;
They, like sheep, are sold and bought.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

Just let that dear old structure stand,
As a monument to fame;
Then all who dwell, in Foggyville,
Will proudly boast her name.

“Old things are the best things ever,”
I have heard my father say,
And what once was true with father,
Should be true with us to day.

PART II.

TEMPORA MUTANTOR.

Why let that eyesore longer,
Plebeian thoughts proclaim?
Tear down the damp death dealer,
Do it in Wisdom's name.

What care we, though it shelter'd
Some wise men, of the land;
The law of Thrift and Progress,
Forbids it longer stand.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

Give way, give way, old school house,
For modern structure wrought,
Where children of the elite,
In comfort can be taught.

Thy useful days have vanish'd,
Like mist before the sun.
So why should we preserve thee,
Though well thy work was done?

Away! away! false notion,
That ancient things are best,
This is the day of *progress*;
So onward, without rest!

No men of times historic,
The heights of Fame have reach'd,
Whose course was not impeded,
By "Rest here" doctrines preach'd.

If we would have our children,
Arise and call us bless'd,
We'll teach them, in life's battle,
There is no place to rest.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

MAUD IN THE COAL MINE.

Old farmer Jones, once, own'd a mule,
Small but very frisky;
His neighbors said that any fool,
Knew such mules were risky.

But Jones would only brag and say,
"Wal, I'll *work* that critter;
I'll not feed her grain and hay,
Just for looks and litter."

He took a halter, in his hand,
And salt, the beast to fool.
He said, "I'll make her understand,
I'm boss'd by no darn'd mule!"

Now Maud came up, old Jones, to meet,
With looks of confidence;
Then wheel'd and, with her hinder feet,
Kick'd Jones across the fence.

For weeks and weeks, poor Jones, in bed
On pillows, must recline.
"When I get well," he often said,
"I'll put Maud in the Mine."

ORIGINAL POEMS.

“You bet, down thar She’ll larn to work.
No use thar in kicking:
The more; down thar, they kick or shirk,
Stronger grows the licking.”

As mules were scarce, the news soon spread,
That Jones had one to sell;
So, to the Mine, poor Maud was led—
A place not far from —well—

The imps of darkness, there she met,
Who work’d by light of lamps,
So Maud began to paw and fret,
And view them all as scamps.

Close to her heels, there came a dude,
One trace, he speedy hooks;
Maud thought the work was done too rude,
And straightway spoil’d his looks;

For, though she felt the smart of shame,
At being in that place,
She landed, with unerring aim,
Both feet in that dude’s face.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

With mash'd up cheeks and broken nose,
That dude no longer smil'd;
No compromise, would he propose,
But damage suit he filed.

A Jury heard attorneys plead,
Who beat the air and paw'd;
Five thousand dollars, all agree'd,
Was damage done by Maud.



ORIGINAL POEMS.

SUNSET ON THE OHIO.

On a day gone by, my belov'd and I
Beheld the sunset glow,
While the crimson sky was mirrored, by
The river Ohio.
On that grassy bank, as the day-god sank,
In western sky so low,
Her cheeks would flush, with a crimson blush
Just like that sunset glow.

Chorus.

Now the thoughts, of her beauty,
Add pleasure to duty,
And haunt me where ever I go;
For I roam, with delight,
In my dreams every night.
Again by the Ohio.

By her looks, I knew that her love was true,
Though oft, she said, me, no,
But at length she sigh'd, "I will be thy bride;"
There in that sunset glow.
But her father, wroth at my seedy cloth,
Sent her to Idaho.
I'll not despair, for the same sun's there,
That shines on the Ohio.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

I view, with delight, the west ev'ry night;
The reason, you shall know,
It's a tale oft told, but will ne'er grow old,
'Til sunsets cease to glow.
Tomorrow, I start with a cheerful heart,
To westward! westward, ho!
And soon, you will see, that darling and me,
Again by the Ohio.



ORIGINAL POEMS.

DOLLY'S OUTING.

Little Emma, full of glee,
Found, upon a Christmas tree,
Presents Santa, to her, brought
That her loving father bought.

They were just the very things,
Santa, to good children, brings—
A waxen doll, with curly head,
Baby buggy and a sled.

In the buggy, Emma set
Little dollie—precious pet—
For, like other mammas, she
Wanted folks her babe to see.

So she tuck'd it, warm and neat,
Saying it was "Just too sweet."
Then, to it, would softly sing:
"Glory to the new-born King."

Down the street, her sister went,
On a needful errand sent,
Thinking not that Emma, too,
Would attempt, to her, pursue.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

And she heard not, though so nigh,
Emma's charming lullaby:
"Hark the herald angels sing,
Glory, to the new-born King."

Still, regardless of the throng,
That was hurrying along,
Emma found a passage clear,
For herself and dollie, dear.

When she came to Mill and Main,
There she stopp'd and sang again:
"Hard! the herald angels sing,
Glory, to the new-born King."

Some kind man, to her unknown,
Seeing she was all alone,
Thought he would increase her joy,
With some candy and a toy.

So, another doll, he bought,
Then, to learn her name, he sought;
"Emma Bundy is my name,
And from home I just now came."

ORIGINAL POEMS.

"But I'm lost, and want to go,
To my mamma, don't you know;
Please, sir, take me home again,
There I'll promise to remain."

So the stranger led the way,
While the little child would say:
"Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King."



WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

THE RINDLING BROOK.

Rindle, rindle, little brook;
As on thy bank we linger,
Anxiously, we, at thee, look,
As if thy course to hinder.

On thy bosom floats a leaf,
Blown from giant sycamore,
Knowing not the joy or grief,
That for me it holds in store.

Yet, a contract, we have made,
Standing here, upon the shore,
In the pleasant, cooling shade,
Of its parent sycamore.

If that leaflet sails across,
Safely, to the other side,
Without accident or loss,
She consents to be my bride.

Now its slow, listless motion,
Makes my heart to palpitate,
Brooklets seem broad as ocean,
When for us they hold such fate.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

Look! the breeze is stronger blowing,
And to me great joy it brings,
For that leaf is onward going,
To the shore, as if on wings.



WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

THE MERRY-WIDOW HAT.

Oh! my heart is sad and aching,
And I cannot sleep at night,
For my wife is, lessons, taking,
How to fix herself up right.

She has cheeks, as soft as velvet,
And a figure, plump and fat,
And she wants to be a Belle, yet,
Smiling 'neath a *widow-hat*.

But you know it is the fashion,
In these days of vain display,
For the poor to have a passion,
To outshine the rich, some way.

So they roll their scanty tresses,
'Round a form they call a rat;
And they don the gayest dresses,
With the Merry-Widow-Hat.

Still, the greedy fashion maker
Is not happy, for all that,
Since, he cannot make a Quaker,
Wear the Merry-Widow-Hat.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

And, the Dunkards look upon it,
As a creature sin begat,
So *they* wear a bobtailed-bonnet—
Not the Merry-Widow-Hat.



WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

THE HYACINTH.

A Spartan youth, whose blood was shed,
Gave title to the Hyacinth;
And so a yearly feast was spread,
At which this flower, blue and red,
Was worn, in wreaths, on ev'ry head,
Of Spartan dweller in Corinth.

No ancient legend guides my pen,
When I compare this flower with thee;
I class myself with other men,
Whose sense of duty bids them, when
They find a worthy subject, then
To let their praise go free.

Thy kindness, like that humble flower,
Unconsciously, much fragrance sheds;
For moments spent within the bower,
Where smiles of thine, in gentle shower,
Oft turns, to light, the darkest hour
That o'er my pathway spreads.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

THE SCHOOL MARM.

Acrostic.

Thine is a task of all others less thankful,
Holding the key to ambitions of youth,
Each of thy pupils, the dull and the prankful,
Should, by thee, be taught to speak only the truth.
Children, you know, are the angels embryo;
Heaven has loan'd them, our home, here to bless;
One gives us pleasure as much as a trio,
Of such precious gifts, to love and caress.
Life's battle, with courage, teach them to begin,
Make *them*, the Lord's Counsel, to love and obey,
And teach them that death is the wages of sin,
Reprove their wrong doing from day unto day—
Mould them as potters would mould lifeless clay.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

THE CARDINAL.

The Cardinal, a Prophet, is
And better understands the biz,
Of telling weather changes,
Than those we pay, from year to year,
To note the changing atmosphere,—
That's what to us, so strange, is!

This little bird sits on a limb,
And we have learn'd the *fact*, from him:
When, in the morning early,
He offers up his song of praise,
The change, he makes in roundelays,
Predicts the weather, clearly.

His song, to us, gives great delight!
And, though the words, we cannot write,
We, by them, judge the weather;
E'en though the morn be bright and fair,
Yet, should this true barometer
Sing *rain*, the clouds soon gather.

And if it rains, what is more strange—
His song, he'll change, and so arrange
His notes, that they give warning,
If it will last or soon be past;
He never fails in the forecast,
He gives to us, each morning.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

THE MOTE AND BEAM.

Old Granger had a cow,
That was a source of bliss,
'Til clover hay, from mow,
Gave her tuberc'losis.

Alas, no more, that cow
Can eat his clover dust,
Her hide is leather now,
Her flesh, made wienerwurst.

Old Granger sold that cow,
As healthy, to the Trust;
And that explains just how,
Her flesh made wienerwust.

Now, as the gull'd Beef Trust,
Ships meat to ev'ry State,
Old Granger says we must,
Their business regulate.

He wants the Trust to buy
His cattle, when diseas'd,
And, if the price is high,
He's all the better pleas'd.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

But, when they try to sell,
Those same old cows in beef,
He'll raise a mighty yell,
To Congress, for relief.



ORIGINAL POEMS.

ON DER BUM.

Mine Fraulein, I sum letter writes,
Und dells you how I feel,
Mine rest vas proken, tru der nights,
Py much pad koffin speil.

I got me on der I. C. train,
Dot some times vas on time,
Except ven clouts pore oud der rain,
'Til vater floots der line.

Mine dicket, Central City, reat,
Via der Horses Branch.
No horse I see, alife or deat,
But beoples in der ranch.

I dare haf cars to quick make change,
Uud dake some utter line;
Der tings dat happens den pese strange—
You see dem cars vas fine.

Unt soon mine mint vas up some made,
To see der Dawson Springs,
For vich more cash moost now be pait,
Mine monish flies mit vings.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

Vell I ish here, unt nod so well.
Der clouts dey cries, mit rain,
Budt as mooch pooks I quickly sell,
I soon forgets mine pain.

Der surface vater fills der spring,
Unt makes him mooch so veak,
Dot he bees goot for not a thing,
Except to schwell der creek.

But, still, I stay der time allot,
Unt rest me up all richt;
Den, if mine koff some better got,
I'll homeward, dake mine flight.

* * * * *

Sum shange, mine mint vas untervent,
Since last, mine Frau, I wrote;
Unt such misdakes makes me repent,
Unt drufes I now vill quote.

Der vater, in dem Dawson Springs,
Vas veak; I, not so, think;
He mooch good veelings do me prings,
Of him der more I drinks.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

Der Arcade Vell, I sum haf tried,
Unt Richmond's salts vell too,
Vich oud me cleans, from der inside,
Unt call for more menu.

Der Hamby Vell, a daizy vas,
He makes me schleep unt schleep,
Der peoples dinks, I krazy vas,
I breaves so loud unt deep.

Der Hendrix House, I stops me at,
Where ebber dings vas nice;
Der tables makes der boarders fat,
Unt moderate der price.

You dakes him all up one side down,
Unt tudder side down ups,
You'll find der beoples in der town,
Mit appetites like pups.

Ven soon much beoples here makes come,
To spend der summer season,
Der hotels crowds dem much mit room,—
You grumbles, dot vas treason—.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

Der business den haf take sum poom,
Unt ebberdings vas gay;
Unt prices rides in der baloon,
So long dem peoples stay.

Der vimmins wear der hats like men,
Unt charm us like der vitches;
I dinks if dey got marrit, den
Dey helps to vare der britches.

Der town vas full mit beer unt booze,
Der booze vas full mit fights,
Der chail,—dey calls him “calaboose,”—
Keeps full mit Derganites.
—Yacob.



ORIGINAL POEMS.

CUMBERLAND GAP.

Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky.

Here, mighty mountains rear their crest,
And pierce the azure sky.

Here, "Mother Nature" gave her best,
Our wants to satisfy.

Here, in the summer, may be seen,
Spread on each mountain side,
A canopy of living green,
Their rocky ribs to hide.

And, in the autumn's purpling hue,
May everywhere be had,
A fine kaleidoscopic view,
To make beholders glad.

When winter clothes the earth in white,
The cliffs will fairly glow,
With myriad rays of dazzling light,
Shot forth from ice and snow.

When thunder storms, or gentle showers,
Proclaim that spring is here,
The singing birds and fragrant flowers,
Will everywhere appear.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

THAT HELP-MEET OF MINE.

I start to write a poem—

“Don’t sit there dear, I say.”

About Tom Stiggers: You know him?

“Well I’m going away.”

Tom went to see a lassie—

“I can’t find my bonnet”—

Her name was Susie Massie.

“Arn’t you sitting on it?”

Please don’t bother me honey,

“Well just sit there and pout.”

Tom has a whole lot of money,

“What are you mad about?”

As I was going to say—

“You promis’d you would write

A poem for me. When, I pray,

Will you do it?” To night.

Tom knows nothing of marri’d life—

“Write me a temperance piece,

Tell how old Scroggins beat his wife,

And tried to kill her niece;

Tell all about the bar room bums,

With angels at their homes,

Whose children constitute the slums,

From whence the jail birds comes.”

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

Tom came to town the other day—
“Are you writing it now?”
And bought himself a fine new sleigh,
“Just let me tell you how!”
No dear, I’m writing on Stiggers—
“Well stop and write for me;
Give amount in big black figgers,
Old Scroggins paid for spree.”

You said you were going away—
“Do you want me to go?
Who has a better right to stay?
How *dare* you treat me so?”
Well please don’t cry, and never mind,
I’ll stop right here, and try
To always treat you nice and kind;
So, darling, please don’t cry.



WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

WAVES OF THOUGHT.

The little pebble, careless, cast,
Upon the ocean wave,
Will start a circlet, that will last,
'Til distant shores it lave,
Though lost, its form, from mortal eye,
'Mongst other waves it cross'd,
It still keeps on 'til, by and by,
'Gainst bounding shore it's toss'd.

The careless word, that you or I
Have spoken, in a jest,
May find a lodgment, by and by,
In some deluded breast,
And, like the wave that we forgot,
Which reach'd a foreign shore,
It may produce an evil spot,
Where virtue dwelt before.

We should be careful what we say,
Beginning, in our youth,
To train our tongues from day to day
To utter only truth;
Then would our thoughts and words be pure,
And all, who hear, be blest;
And we from sin be kept secure,
And, in the end, find rest.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

WILD ASTERS.

Commonly Called Farewell Summer.

The Crocuses and Violets,
Long since, have pass'd away;
The Lilly and the fragrant Rose,
Made, far too short, a stay.

The Rhododendron's gorgeous bloom
Has pass'd, from mountain side;
But Cosmos and the Golden Rod
Will, for a time, abide.

'Til thou, with lavish beauty,
Spread all the landscape o'er;
Yet telling the sad story,
That Summer is no more.

Thy white and purple blossoms,
Spread over hill and dale,
Bid us prepare for winter,
And snow, and sleet, and hail.

Just so, the white locks showing,
On heads of mortals, tell,
Life's Summer is departing,
With lingering farewell.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

Those, who heed the warning,
By Nature thus made plain,
Will be prepar'd for rising,
To live and bloom again.



ORIGINAL POEMS.

WHAT MAKES KENTUCKY GREAT.

In Kentucky, you will meet,
Girls that look so very sweet,
As they glide along the street,
That you'll say:
"In this land 'neath azure skies,
I have seen, with mortal eyes,
Grander sights than Paradise
Could display."

To the races, if you go,
You will see another show,
That will make you want to know
Ev'ry horse;
And the time that each has made.
And how much, for them, was paid,
And what is their present grade,
On the course.

If you visit a saloon—
Golden Star or Silver Moon,
You will think them quite a boon,
Day or night;

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

For you'll feel so very dry;
That some Bourbon you will try,
And another by-and-by,
 'Till you're tight.

Then some bully, with a gun—
Forty-four or forty-one—
Will shoot you just for fun;
 For you see,
These four emblems, of our state,
Are what makes Kentucky great;
Then you'll try, to emulate.
 Kentucky.



ORIGINAL POEMS.

WAY DOWN IN CAROLINA.

How eager, I await the time,
When I may reach that astral clime,
Where grows the orange, fig and vine,
And Nature seems attuned to chime,
With thy sweet voice, dear Caroline,
Way down in Carolina.

My heart was sad, when leaving thee;
Athwart the space my thoughts now flee,
And view thy coasts across the sea;
In dreams, Thy beauty haunteth me,
And ev'ry night, I long to be,
Way down in Carolina.

The sea gulls float, on viewless air,
And orioles are ev'ry where,
With sweetest songs, our hearts to cheer,
And drive our blues back, in the lair,
Which makes us glad, when we are there,
Way down in Carolina.



In Carolina.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

The grapes, in clusters, are so fine,
That they excell the muscadine,
And yield, for us, a richer wine,
Than that imported, from the Rhine,
Which makes the lads and lassies shine,
Way down in Carolina.

The palm trees greet the God of day,
When He obscures the Milky Way,
They view their forms in stream and bay,
Where'er we go, they seem to say,
Within my shadow, come and stay,—
Way down in Carolina.

Streets of pearl, instead of cinders,
Coated o'er by hulls of pinders,
'Round the tasty stands of venders,
Who politest service renders,
To the belles with beau attenders,
Way down in Carolina.

Copses looking very fine,
Overgrown with Jassamine,
Make me think of Caroline,
When her locks she would entwine,
With the flowerets from that vine,
Way down in Carolina.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

Rice fields bowing, in the breeze—
Like the waves of em'rald seas—
Furnish food for birds and bees,
That hive and nest in live-oak trees;
Dame Nature tries all things to please,
Way down in Carolina.

The cotton, grown upon the Isles,
When manufactured, in textiles,
Makes Terpsichore to glow, with smiles,
At sight of it her thought beguiles,
To use it, in her latest styles,
Way down in Carolina.

Water mellons, large and sweet,—
Piled up high on ev'ry street—
Make a pickaninny treat,
That no place on earth can beat,
Such the mellons that they eat,
Way down in Carolina.

Lest, too long, this poem grows,
We will here the subject close,
Yet, the heart aches and the woes,
That we suffer, no one knows,
So, to cure them all,—here goes—
We sail for Carolina!

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

KITTIE FOLSOM.

Acrostic.

Kittie, Kittie! What a pity,
I cannot a poem write,
To a lass so fair and witty,
That would fill her with delight;
If, to me, such power were granted,
Every word would be enchanted.

Fairest flowers, in Eden's bowers,
Orchid, lily, and the rose,
Live a few gay, blissful hours,
Scenting ev'ry wind that blows,—
Outlasting, all such flowers that be,
Miss Kittie is my love, for thee?

ORIGINAL POEMS.

MISS BESSIE HYRN.

I know a lovely maiden,
Whose face is always bright,
She's up soon, in the morning,
And, late, up ev'ry night.

Her eyes are two bright jewels,
And voice of mellow tone;
The lads go crazy, for her,
But yet she favors none.

If you have never met her,
Yet wish her name to learn,
Her Christian name is Bessie,
And maiden name is Hyrn.

She lives in Carolina,
Where rice and cotton grow,
And breezes, from the ocean,
With scent of blossoms blow.

More hearts, than mine, are lonely,
And for Car'lina yearn,
'Tis not for breeze, spice laden,
But for Miss Bessie Hyrn.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

TENNESSEE.

Acrostic.

Thy crystal streams and mountains high,
Enchant us, with their spell,
No place, on earth, can mortal eye,
Nature, discern, so well.
Earth, air, and sky, here softly blend,
Sunsets, are ever, grand;
Some snows conspire, to beauty lend—
Easter, though, sees winters end—
Earth boasts, no fairer land.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

THE HUMMING BIRDS.

Some dainty hand, of maiden fair,—
As stories go—once on a time,
Amid the sunlight and the air,
Set out a honey suckle vine;
And, when it grew, it overspread
The fence, and form'd a verdant shed,
Of foliage green and blossoms red.
The humming birds were wont to come,
At morn and eve, to suck the flowers,
And thus supply, with sweets, their home,
Extracted from those lovely bowers.
And, oh, what pleasure 'tis to see,
Those little birds, so merrily,
Fly to their nest, in nearby tree.
That nest, though swung 'neath one frail leaf,
Exposed to ev'ry birdlet foe,
No blasted hope or other grief,
We trust its inmates e'er will know.
May God e'er keep that little nest
Free from harm, and thus attest,

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

All homes of love, by Him are blest.
Let us, from these small humming birds,
This lesson learn: *True love is shown*
Plainer by our *acts* than *words*;
And, by kind deeds, our love make known;
Then, 'midst life's verdant, leafy bowers,
We'll shine like honey-suckle flowers,
And other lives be blest by ours.



ORIGINAL POEMS.

DISGUSTED.

At Not Receiving a Prize in a Jingle Contest.

What, not a prize: the trifling thing!
I'll go right now and for them ring.

Ting, tingaling, tingaling, ting,
Ting, ting, tingaling, tingaling:
Hello! are you sleeping central?
Give me the Knoxville Sentinel.

Is this the Knoxville Sentinel?
I want some information. "Well."
You promise, all the news, to tell;
And that is why your papers sell.
I want to know what Hunter saw,
In Jingles sent, without a flaw—
For instance those by Lilly Pack,
And A. L. Brown,—to throw *them* back,
And give the prize to one less grand.
Can you such action understand?
No critic can his act applaud,
'Twas either ignorance or fraud.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

From those you publish, sent to Kern,
An honest critic cannot learn,
 How justice could be fairly done,
 In choosing, from the mass, the one,
That said "The baby often cried,
'Til Kern's candy was supplied,"
 And foolish papa lost his head,
 When they ran out of "Mothers Bread"
What made them overlook that gem,
That C. S. Erwin sent to them?
 Were they so blind they never saw,
 Two other gems without a flaw?
No matter whence such acts arise,
They cannot blind ye critics eyes.

To me, it seems a strange romance,
That senseless stuff should win with Vance;
 It surely made his muscles tingle,
 To see *his firm's name—not a jingle—*
For jingles must have rhyme and measure,
Ere they can give that touch of pleasure,
 That woos the reader on and on,
 With thoughts the mind may feast upon—
So Vance must be a dull agnostic,
For he saw naught but that acrostic,
 Which made not e'en remote pretense,
 To read with true poetic sense.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

Those three must answer for the rest,
Who fail'd to recognize the best;
 A few there were who justly gave,
 To Merit what she ought to have,
Their acts no critic will condemn,
Since Truth and Justice dwell with them;
 But, as I said, I want to know,
 How others, I have nam'd, act so?
And hope, in life, success to win,
Without atoning for such sin?
 To this the Sentinel should bring,
 A full reply—good-bye—ting, ting.



Part Second

HISTORIC AND PATRIOTIC.

We add new pages, day by day,
Through battles lost and won,
To that immortal history,
By Adam first begun;
And he, who would win lasting fame,
Must champion the right,
And, on those pages, grave his name,
By deeds of love—not might.



The Pinnacle.

AMBITION.

Ambition, left alone to plan,
Would monster make of any man;
What men call Fame, too oft, would be
Attain'd through deeds of infamy.
Ambition cares not for the *right*,
But glories in the rule of *might*.

No laurel crown should mark the place,
Ambition shows her haughty face;
And yet it seemeth passing queer,
Each plumed Knight and cavalier,
Who ventures out, to conquer Fame,
Takes orders from that cruel Dame.

Ambition never sees the wrong,
Of robbing weak, to aid the strong;
Yet unskill'd hands oft mold the ball,
That o'er Ambition spreads a pall;
Great Caesar, conqueror, of Rome,
Met death, by traitor hands, at home.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

A throne of swords, with jewel'd hilt,
For Alexander, once, was built;
'Twas emblem of a conquer'd world,
Opposing Power no flag unfurl'd;
Ambition, still not satisfied,
For other conquests loudly cried.

Ambition led Napoleon
To Waterloo, where Britain won;
And, hence, an exile he must be,
Depriv'd the boon of Liberty.
Ambition never finds the goal,
Where satisfaction fills the soul.

Pizarro fought, for many years,
And bath'd Peru, in blood and tears;
And, though Peru doth still exist,
An honor'd name Pizarro miss'd.
Ambition dug the pit of Hell,
Where such as those must, ever, dwell.

A shepherd boy, in war untaught,
To death, an evil giant, brought;
And, still, *one* advocate of right,
Can put a host of wrong to flight.
Through deeds of boundless charity,
Christ won the crown of victory.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

The man, who would *true fame possess*,
Must seek and aid those in distress;
Must follow Christ, from day to day
And put all selfish thoughts away.
The Fame, that comes to such, will be
As lasting as Eternity.



ORIGINAL POEMS.

THE OLD CHURCH FOR RENT.

The following lines were written on revisiting the old church, where the Fleetwing Zonaves worshipped while encamped at Knoxville, Tennessee, in 1861, and finding it posted For Rent.

The author was a member of said company, which was organized at Nashville by Captain L. T. Hardy.

Though many years have pass'd between,
The time when, first, thy form was seen,
By one, who, leaning on his staff,
Weeps as he reads the epitaph,
Which Pride, upon thy walls, hath plac'd,
And thus thy sacred shrine disgrac'd;
It makes my sadden'd heart lament,
To see thee label'd thus—FOR RENT.

In thee, henceforth, can Satan build
An altar, where his Godless guild
Can practice deeds of deviltry,
Through Bacchanalian revelry;
Or thieves, in thee, may plunder hide,
Where once our Savior woo'd His Bride;
Such is the course of thy descent,
Since thou art label'd thus—FOR RENT.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

In years ago, my feet have trod,
Adown thine aisles, in search of God;
As at thy altar, I would bow,
A blessing came, I knew not how;
But then, alas, I little thought
That, where the way of life was taught,
And I admonish'd to repent,
Would e'er be label'd thus—FOR RENT.

O! Sacred house, thine aisles and naves
Once echo'd to the tread of brave,
Who fought for country; home and right,
And lost, in that unequal fight,
Their earthly homes, yet God, who saves,
Hath plac'd *their* dead in honor'd graves,
But *thou*, though dead to good intent,
Must still exist and be—FOR RENT.



ORIGINAL POEMS.

SEE HOW WE GROW.

Our Uncle Sam, like Honest John,
Has eyes, the fair, to look upon,
And, so, he cast a squinting eye,
Upon the Isle of Haiwaii,
And, through his emmisary, Dole,
Hath woo'd and won that maiden soul.

But when the news was told to Lill,
She cried "Nay! Nay!! I own her still;
I'll go and see the President;
And tell him all I've underwent;
His sense of honor, well I know,
Will not make me, my rights, forego."

Her right to rule all Haiwaii,
The President did not deny,
So tried, with all his might and main,
To put her on the throne again,—
The friends of Cleveland never try
That act, of his, to justify.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

E'en Congress said to Cleveland "Wait,
We'll make of Haiwaih a State,
And, thus, another star will add,
To those we have." They did, egad!
"And, with that far off territory,
Place one more star upon 'Old Glory.' "

Miss Cuba, lying near our door,
With Spain's oppression, was made sore,
And, that we might her rights maintain,
We, to Havana, sent the Maine;
For Spain, this was a bitter cup,
So she, in anger, blew her up.

Thus was provok'd, as one can see,
The war, that set Miss Cuba free.
Then, as the power of Spain declines,
We occupy the Isle of Pines;
And Porto Rico soon we took,
Driving Spain from every nook.

And when we sunk her Royal Fleet,
Old Spain was knocked quite off her feet,
So she, for peace, was glad to sue,
And said "The terms I leave to you,
All doubtful claims, for sake of peace,
I now renounce. Let bloodshed cease."

ORIGINAL POEMS.

But we, to shield ourselves from wrong,
Said, "Let The Hague that pass upon."
The Hague decided that we take
The Ladrone Islands, for *their* sake,
But that we twenty millions pay,
To the Hidalgos, for full sway.

And, so, the Philippines we bought,—
Some say, to give them up, we ought.
When we inspected title, Lo!
We could not find Mindanao,
And, so, six millions more, we spent,
For that small patch of Orient.

'Tis said that should we e'er displease,
The little Yellow Japanese,
That they will capture all those Isles,
But talk like that breeds only smiles,
For, 'round the world, we soon will go,
If we continue, thus, to grow.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

THE BIG STICK.

—"Speak softly, but hold in your hand a Big Stick."

—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

When Uncle Sam was very young,
A hero, nam'd George Washington,
Was first to teach the world the trick,
To freedom win with a Big Stick,
The sticks, on which he'd most rely
Were *trust in God and Powder dry.*

But Jefferson was wiser still,
He made a pen, of goose's quill,
And wrote a Constitution, bold,
To us more sacred far than gold;
He trusted not in stone or brick,
But used his PEN for a Big Stick.

Andrew Jackson was the man,
Who first, 'gainst *corporations*, ran;
When South Car'lina nullified,
He, in his anger, loudly cried;
"I'll make you of your action sick,
With my, well seasoned, *Hickory Stick.*

ORIGINAL POEMS.

Alas, in eighteen sixty one,
A cloud, of war, obscured the sun ;
The South a mighty army rais'd
'Gainst Lincoln, whom the North all prais'd,
So North and South refus'd to mix,
'Til both had tried their Biggest Sticks.

But, now, the North and South are wed,
And Roosevelt is our Nation's head—
Some egotists are always ready
To criticise a man like Teddy,
Who softly speaks, yet knows no trick
Commands respect, like a Big Stick.

Should other Powers, our rights, assail,
To use that stick, we will not fail,
Nor will we spend an idle hour,
While giants crush a weaker power,
But shield it, from the giants licks,
By interposing our Big Stick.



Pioneer Industry.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

JOHN SEVIER.

Ere Tennessee was given name,
Or white man dared assert a claim,
A hero, named John Se-vi-er,
Was wont to chase the elk and deer,
Upon her wooded hills and plains,
And, though exposed to snows and rains,
He and companions set about,
The task to drive the Red-men out—
So when the Red-men would appear,
He'd say "Come on boys, they are here. '

One day, while Robertson and he
Were seated 'neath a giant tree,
Consulting how they might ascend,
To top of hill in river bend,
His comrade made a sudden leap,
And, through the jungle 'gan to peep,
Then backward stepped, with cautious tread,
And, to our hero, softly said
"I wot not what their numbers be,
But this I know, that ten I see."

ORIGINAL POEMS.

Our hero, then brave Se-vi-er,
Said, "We'll stand firm and never fear."
They took good aim, then with a yell,
They, on the others, quickly fell,
With hunting knives; and so they slew
The eight remaining, two by two.
To keep that deed in memory
They called the country *Ten-i-see*;
Just why we do not spell it so
Is more than I profess to know.

From records kept, we have been taught
Of all the battles that he fought,
That he, in each, a vict'ry won,
The Reds retreating with the sun,
'Til all the state of Tennessee,
Was, from the fear of Red-men, free.
His battles numbered thirty-five,
Through which if Indians did survive,
Where'er those rascals would appear,
He'd say "Come on boys, they are here."

Along the River Tellico,
A white man could, in safety, go;
As all the mountain tribes were friends,
'Til dastard whites that friendship ends,
Then they became a dreaded foe,

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

That threatened every bungalow;
But Se-vi-er a treaty made,
And, for a time, their wrath was stayed;
Though soon it kindled up again,
And many whites, by them, were slain.

The Chickamaugas bandit band,
Was known, and feared in all the land;
They were composed of Cherokees,
Combined with Creeks and brave Shawnees.
They invaded ev'ry station,
Leaving naught but desolation;
Their home was near a mountain cave,
Where they would flee, their scalps to save;
Protected thus, they lost all fear,
And bolder grew, from year to year.

But Se-vi-er a way soon planned,
By which to crush that bandit band;
He called a few brave-hearted men,
And built a fleet, right there and then—
Each ship was but a light canoe,
But it could safely carry two;
They boldly pushed out from the shore,
With Shelby as their Commadore,
And Se-vi-er as Admiral,
Who kept a keen eye over all.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

The distance, from the starting quay,
To where the, sought for, quarry lay,
Seemed great to them, as, day by day,
They toiled, in silence, on the way;
But hold! now see the smoke arise,
From wigwams, where the quarry lies,
Unmindful of the dreadful doom,
That soon must all their joy consume;
For, what remain alive will be,
Reduced to abject poverty.

This daring deed, as we are taught,
Was, by our hero, planned and wrought,
And from the spoils he took that day,
He could a hundred-thousand pay;
So perfect had he form'd his plan,
He never lost a single man;
His transports, though, were now set free,
To go gyrating to the sea.
Where this occurred, the records say,
Our Chattanooga stands to-day.

The British and the Red-men too,
Received from him their Waterloo,
Kings Mountain, strongly fortified,
By British—was their hope and pride—
Cornwallis, was an English Peer,

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

Who said he had no doubt, nor fear,
But that his army, trained to fight,
Could all the Rebels put to flight.
He counted not the strength of those
Whose liberties he would oppose.

The morrow's sun had scarcely shone,
Before some foes, he had not known,
Were climbing up the mountain side,
To humble all that dotard's pride;
At head of whom John Se-vi-er—
More brave than any English Peer—
Was leading on with dauntless tread,
Regardless of the rain of lead,
He with a voice, shrill and clear,
Would shout, "Come on boys, they are here."

In all that long and bloody war,
That battle shone as brightest star;
It gave impetus to the cause,
Of Freedom from oppressive laws;
It caused each war-depleted band,
To draw the sword, with firmer hand;
It gave the Crown of Liberty,
Its brightest gem of chivalry.
It won the laurel branch of Fame,
And left the British naught but shame.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

The exiled Mitchell, then was free,
Whose home was in Tuck-a-lee-chee,
A cove hemmed in by mountains high,
With peaks that pierce the azure sky;
The cause for which he exiled came,
Is still a cause for British shame,
And 'til she sets Old Ireland free,
There will be many more like he,
To damn her rule of tyranny,
And strike a blow for liberty.



WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

THE DARK AND BLOODY GROUND.

Ye bard, on observation bent,
While passing o'er this continent,
At Fulton, in Kentucky, found
A gateway to the bloody ground.
From west to east his journey lay,
With many zigzags by the way,
So Fulton was no worse, we ween,
Than many other places seen ;
'Twas chance alone that made it bound
Kentucky's "dark and bloody ground."

At Mayfield, on the I. C. road,
He, for a time, took up abode,
More shameful disregard of law,
He, nowhere in Kentucky, saw.
A negro rapist, being caught,
Was to the court-house quickly brought ;
A jury from the howling mob,
There ; undertook the solemn job,
Of passing on that negro's guilt,
While other men a gibbet built ;
As Judge and Jury did agree,
That death should be the penalty,
Just five minutes' time was given,

ORIGINAL POEMS.

For him to fit his soul for heaven.
Such haste, before, ye bard ne'er saw,—
And yet 'twas done by "Forms of law;"
But haste, like that, won't long astound,
The passer through *the bloody ground*.

Paducah, next, was on the line—
Her streets and houses, too, are fine—
Yet, in her bars and fine cafes,
Ye bard heard legends, of affrays,
That made the name, Paducah, sound
Like *it was all the bloody ground*.
And so he hasted on his way,
But stopp'd at Eddyville a day,
Where in a penitentiary, bound
By walls of stone, were many found,
Whose deeds of cruelty and shame,
Have made Kentucky wear a name,
Most loathsome, in its horrid sound,
And yet so true: *the bloody ground*.

At Princeton next, he made a stop;
The "Imps of Hell" were, there, on top;
They boldly rode the streets by night,
And put town officers to flight,
Each carried, gripp'd within his hand.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

A forty-four or fire brand,
With which they burn'd much property,
And call'd their action Equity;
Whoever dared their acts oppose,
Were hounded, by that band, as foes.
Go where you will, you'll never find,
A people more, to Justice, blind.
Their acts, as *fiendish*, were renowned,
E'en in the *dark and bloody ground*.

From Princeton, he his Journey took,
Nor cast behind him sad'ning look!
But hasten'd on to Hopkinsville,
Where he would fain be dwelling still.
There, friends were many, foes but few,
And, though he, there, could little do,
The friendships form'd completely drown'd,
All echoes of *the bloody ground*.

But still, dear reader, don't surmise
That sounds of murder did not rise,
But learn that friendship and good will,
Such as is found at Hopkinsville,
Can words of praise from poets win,

ORIGINAL POEMS.

That shield from view all form of sin.
But least our subject should become
Reductio ad absurdum,
We'll say at Hopkinsville we found,
A few dark spots of *bloody ground*.

We now proceed, upon our way,
But stop and spend a pleasant day,
With naught to mar the tranquil scene,
That met our eye at Bowling Green;
'Till, near her waterworks, we found
We still were in *the bloody ground*,
For there the rifle pits remain,
Where hostile men on arms have lain,
In readiness to kill the foes,
Who would their cherish'd rights oppose.

That leads us, for a time, to fix
Our minds on modern politics,
A name so many misapply
That, we will it, personify
And make of it a body, then
We'll on it use a scalpel, when
We from it lift its cranium,
You'll see where once were brains, now rum.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

Such, is the intellect that moves
The Government, in modern grooves,
That it has left the time worn track,
Where honest men their brains would rack,
'Til sure that men of *worth* were sent,
To serve us as our President,
And see the laws, that Congress made,
Did not restrict "Free speech or trade,"
But now our Goddess Liberty
Has long been wed to Tyranny.

We'll, now, proceed upon the way,
In hope of finding scenes more gay;
But, reader, you should not forget,
All towns we pass—both dry and wet—
Have, oft, been bathed in *human* blood,
And Justice cries, "How long, O God,
Can mortal man, Thy Law, resist,
And still be suffer'd to exist?"

Such thoughts, have kept ye bard awake,
'Til head and heart, both, throb and ache,
A cure, for which, he vainly strove
To find secluded, in Smith's Grove.
Instead of rest, the night was spent
In ribaldry and merriment.
As that, to him, brought no relief,
Again he traveled, with his grief.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

Some friends advised him, that he go,
And comfort seek at old Glasgow;
So to Glasgow, next, he went,
Where he met a modern gent,
Who was ready to resent
Ev'ry kind of argument,
If he could not it apply
All his acts to justify.
You see he was in politics,
And so had studied dioptrics,
He thought he should an office get,
Because he was a rebel vet,
He so announc'd, upon his card,
That, as his fitness, and reward;
Such politics, as that, you see,
Is what has damn'd Democracy,
For such as that, we know, he got,
From out some heap, of loathsome, rot.
But politics don't bother much,
All parties have a few of such
As he, we met at old Glasgow,
These lines, apply to them, also.

Now Glasgow is a lovely place,
Yet, there, ye bard could plainly trace,
The fact, by sight as well as sound,

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

That she was in *the bloody ground*.
And so he sought another town,
A place quite small but great renown,
He there, went through, "The Mammoth Cave"—
Then took a Turkish bath and shave—
The guide, the barber, and hotel,
Each, had some profit, he had h—l.

That Railroad, too, from Glasgow Junction,
Took dollars two without compunction,
The distance was eight miles, you see,
And that they made in hours three,
The fare was small, in its amount,
When *time* was taken in account.

On counting up those two days' cost,
Ye bard his former troubles lost,
For prices charg'd made him so sore,
That heart-aches bother'd him no more,
Since Justice, then, a cause had found,
For many spots of *bloody ground*.

Who pays *one* visit to that cave,
Will seldom for a *second* crave;
With aching joints and battered knees,
He *dearly* pays for what he sees;

ORIGINAL POEMS.

Still some are never satisfied
‘Til they, the longest rout, have tried;
Likewise, in *sin*, too many go,
Through caverns dark, to see and know,
Just where the path, through darkness, ends,
Regardless of advice of friends;
While, satisfied, with sin and doubt,
Some others, turn themselves, about,
And by a rough, but shorter, route,
From sin’s abyss, are, soon, led out.

Both time and space, we now will save,
By skipping towns ’twixt Mammoth Cave
And Louisville, Metropolis,
Where Bacchus claims all things are his;
Yet, well we know, the towns between
Have many bloody conflicts seen.

At Louisville, the “Rings and Cliques”
Had so corrupted politics,
The Highest Court, on proof, was bound
To own, in Justice, that it found
Both force and fraud had been employ’d,
And, so, declared elections void;
And, so, each officer must face
Sin’s just reward, complete disgrace.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

In Louisville, a law was made,
To tax a man and tax his trade,
And, if he did not pay the tax,
He went to jail or "made some tracks;"
So reader, do not think it strange,
We made the latter to Lagrange,
A village on the L. and N.,
Where noble women saved the men,
By getting them to cast their votes,
For happy homes and cancel'd notes,
With money sav'd once spent for booze,
Which now they put to better use!
Long live the women of Lagrange,
May work like their's find broader range,
'Til all the people ev'ry where,
A like relief, from bar rooms, share!

To Eminence, ye bard went next,
But there his mind was sore perplex'd,
For there he saw a man at large,
'Gainst whom he heard a horrid charge;
But when the facts were all made known,
No *crime* existed to condone,
For all the people plainly saw,
His acts were made by "*Forms of Law*,"
But still he suffers much abuse,
For turning one vile rapist loose.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

Again, our journey we resume,
And, in the evening's twilight gloom,
We reach the dingy Capitol,
Where sycophants play fol-de-rol.
Some days we'll spend, in looking 'round
This crimson spot of *bloody ground*,
Since crime committed here, of late,
Hath brought reproach on our lov'd State.
While passing through the State-house ground,
We saw the tree, in which was found,
The bullet, by assassin, shot
To carry out an evil plot,
And kill the governor elect
Through "forms of law," we must respect.
A marble block, now, marks the spot
Where Goebel fell, when he was shot;
And, on that block, we placed a man,
But line twixt tree and window ran
So far in front of where he fell,
That we must doubt men, when they tell
That one, secluded, in that spot,
Was sender of that fatal shot.

One fact, as proven, must remain:
" 'Twas by assassin he was slain"!
And, so, a vicious seed was sown,
From which a crop of woe has grown.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

For Georgetown, next, we took a train,
Arriving there, in blinding rain,
We walk'd up town, between the showers,
And view'd the jail where Caleb Powers
Stood peeping through the window grate,
As if unconscious of his fate.

Still twelve good men, of late, had said,
That he should hang, 'til he was dead.
The substance of their sworn report,
Was: "He killed Goebel at Frankfort."
But Powers said "it was a lie."
And, clearly, prov'd an alibi.
He said "I've taken an appeal,
And will get Justice, yet, I feel."

Though Georgetown is a pretty place,
We there a crimson line could trace,
And, though for culture she's renown'd,
We there saw *blood spots on the ground*.

We now, to Lexington, will run,
Where people have all kinds of fun.
Her business men are hustling chaps,
And, for more trade, lay many traps.
Her streets, when it is dry, are dust,

ORIGINAL POEMS.

That rises in each passing gust;
But, when it rains, they mud become,
That clings, to us, like melted gum.
Some groc'ry stores have bars attach'd,
Where deeds of shame are sometimes hatch'd.
Her many fairs and races draw
The largest crowds we ever saw.
Her churches, too, of mammoth size,
The people freely patronize.
Her colleges are up to date—
Though we did not matriculate
Still some in honor's highest station,
In them, procur'd their education.—

In all *the dark and bloody ground*,
No brighter spot we yet have found,
And fain, in Lexington, would stay
But business drives us on our way;
And, though the days are cold and sear,
We take a train to Winchester.

Arriving there we found a man,
Once member of the Hargis clan,
Whose many daring deeds of shame,
We will not use up space to name,
Enough to say, such deeds, we found,
Were common in *the bloody ground*.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

The balmy days of spring appear,
And find us still at Winchester,
But since our object, there, is won,
We'll take a train and travel on,
To Richmond, where we'll introduce
A form of verse not much in use.

We stopp'd at Richmond, for a spell,
And took a room at the hotel,
Where we were treated very well,
And heard the stories both sides tell,
 Since Booze has gone.

It seem'd that ev'ry thing was new,
The sports and bums were looking blue,
And, since they know naught else to do,
They play a game, they call "Fly Loo"

 Since Booze has gone.
That game is simple, thus it's play'd,
Each takes a coin, that he has made
By hook or crook, in former trade,
And when upon the pad it's laid,

 Since Booze has gone.
Should prowling fly on it alight,
The owner takes all coins in sight.—
The game is play'd in broad day light,
As flies now go to roost at night,

 Since Booze has gone.—

ORIGINAL POEMS.

They claim to have among the wets,
A host of former temperance vets,
Whose votes were cause for sore regrets—
And so they boldly offer bets,

Since Booze has gone.—

That should they get another vote—
The words they use we will not quote,
For they might burn the reader's throat—
The only things we care to note

Since Booze has gone,

Is these grand facts: the town is yet
As prosp'rous, as when it was wet,
And still more prosp'rous it will get,
When chronic grumblers cease to fret,

Since Booze has gone.

Her merchants may collect their bills,
And Enterprise erect more mills,
While cattle on the county's hills,
Proclaim the cure of Richmond's ills.

Since Booze has gone.

No longer drunkards prowl around,
To drench with blood the thirsty ground,
But peace and comfort will abound,
Where want and woe were erstwhile found,

Since Booze has gone.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

Too much praise can not be given,
Those who fought for home and heaven,
And "Slew the Giant, in his den,
Who feasted on the souls of men."
But reader, we must hasten on,
For summer days will soon be gone,
And we must view the mountains high,
While days are warm and roads are dry,
For, if we, through the mud, must toil,
'Twould more than half the pleasure spoil.

We'll pass Berea and Livingston,
But stop a while to view London;
A jewel on a mountain crown,
We found to be this little town;
Of stronger fluids here, than water
The law prohibits sale or barter,
Still, "Mountain dew," by moonlight made,
Was kept by some as "stock in trade."
Too oft, we find this same condition,
Where towns have voted "Prohibition."

If temp'rance laws could only make
The vicious fear the law to break,
The venders of that filthy stuff
Would soon cry out, "we have enough,"

ORIGINAL POEMS.

But long as men, whom we elect,
Themselves treat law with disrespect,
Kentucky's border will not bound
The area of *bloody ground*.

At Corbin, next, we made a stop,
And visited each store and shop;
Some evils, that we there descried,
Our modesty now bids us hide;
One sad affair, to us confess'd,
Must serve as sample for the rest;
But reader, do not think we claim
That all of Corbin is the same;
For, there, we found a noble band,
Who for the right will ever stand,
Their love and friendship much we prize;
'Tis evil deeds we criticise.
We know not if this story's true,
As given us, we'll give it you:

Six whiskey bloats, "out for a time,"
Will be the story told in rhyme;
Their names we must decline to tell,
But numbers will do just as well.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

A joke, it seems, just told for fun,
Made number "two" strike number "one,"
A blow so hard it black'd his eye,
And number "three" was standing nigh;

Now number "three" was the police,
And thus he sought to mend the peace:
The injured "one" he did arrest,
Then "four" on "one" a fine assess'd.

The number "four" was City Judge,
And held 'gainst number "one" a grudge;
But number "five," a faithful chum,
Paid off the fine for number "one."
Then number "six," a drunkard too,
Gave a new hat to number "two."

If all were drunk, as we've been told,
No court of Justice could they hold.
No wonder "two," who broke the peace,
Was spar'd arrest by the police,
While by a Judge, with muddl'd mind,
The injur'd "one" alone was fin'd.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

Too many courts, like that, are found
Existing in *the bloody ground*;
And Justice, with her blinded eyes,
Is often taken by surprise,
And, though she holds well balanc'd scales,
Her cause, for want of sight, oft fails.
Some Judges can manipulate
The law of love and make it hate.
And more than that—don't think it strange—
Through "forms of law," they often change.
The purest truth to foulest lie,
By falsely proven alibi.

If you a happy life would live,
One lesson, learn'd, to you, we'll give:
Don't try to mimic ev'ry style,
Nor wear an evanescent smile;
But laugh and joke and criticise,
For curses, give back soft replies;
If angry foe should cross your path,
And loving words won't cool his wrath,
But make him all the more insist,
Don't be afraid to use your fist,
Since he who would true love oppose,
Should have a case of broken nose.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

The Fair, now on at Barbourville,
Seems ample cause to many kill;
Thus far they have reported four,
With prospects for as many more;
So pardon us, we trust you will,
For passing by old Barbourville,
The swiftest train, there runs too slow,
As up to Pineville, now, we go.

Now Pineville is a lovely town,
So, for a time, we'll settle down
And tell you, reader, why we love
Her mountains 'round and skies above.
'Twas there we chanc'd, in years gone by,
A charming widow to descry,
And, though she was the court reporter,
We earnestly began to court her,
And, ere the winter had begun,
That suit, for heart and hand, was won.

We found the court in extra session
To punish some, for their transgression;
Eleven were to prison sent,
Where it is hoped they will repent;
But many more, with penitence,
Declar'd their acts were self-defense,
And, so, the men as jurors pick'd,
A few of such, did not convict.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

The town lies in a river bend,
A bridge connects it with Walls End;
The mountains 'round both towns are high,
And seem to pierce the azure sky.
Nowhere, on earth, that we have been
A grander view our eyes have seen;
And furthermore no place we've found,
In all *the dark and bloody ground*,
Where wealth and culture both abide,
That's kept so free from foolish pride.
We found so much to love and praise
That we remain'd there many days.

When business bade us onward go,
We fain would miss Middlesbrough;
But, since the road runs not around,
That *darkest spot of bloody ground*,
We'll stop and spend a day or two,
And what we learn make known to you.

In all the land, no crimes, we ween,
Can equal those that here have been;
The Quarter House, with world wide fame,
For crimes, too horrid here to name;
Where women base and baser men
Were caged, like wild beasts in a pen,

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

And practiced crimes, without restraint,
No artist's brush would dare to paint.
Though, not exactly in this place,
The town partook of its disgrace;
But outraged decency, at last,
Arous'd, and undertook the task,
Of ridding the community,
Of that foul den of infamy;
And so a battle strong was fought,
And vict'ry won, though dearly bought,
For dead and wounded lay around,
That *evil spot of bloody ground*.
The house was burn'd, some inmates fled,
But six were number'd with the dead;
And many more were bound and tried
Upon the charge of homicide,
Some were convicted, some went free,
And some escaped to Tennessee.
We saw some bills that advertised
The Quarter House as dramatised;
But decent folks refused to go
And witness such immoral show,
And so, for want of patronage,
It prov'd a failure on the stage,
By which, dear reader, you can see
Most people still love probity.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

The Keg House, too, located here,
For deeds of shame, had not a peer;
All forms of crime, through drunkenness,
Were practiced here, to an excess;
Here black and white would freely mix,
And practice such degrading tricks,
Should we record them, we would fail
To get this book pass'd through the mail;
We'll, therefore, skip the worst they do
And tell the milder deeds to you.

The women chew and dip and swear,
And paint their cheeks and bang their hair,
And banter men upon the street,
To visit them in their retreat—
A home is not the proper name
By which to call such house of shame—

The men will murder, drink and steal,
And falsely swear to crime conceal.
They use the women, to decoy—
By promises of love and joy—
Their victims to this fatal spot
Where many have been robb'd and shot.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

An honest barber, in the town,
Was by a brutal man shot down ;
While working at that useful trade,
His active form a corpse was made.
Performance of that dastard act,
Made honest men, form a compact,
To prosecute the lawless horde,
'Til peace and safety were restor'd,
And, though the blood of that same martyr,
Caus'd crepe to drape his orders' charter,
The reformation, that it wrought,
Declares the prize was cheaply bought,
Since peace and safety now are found,
On that *dark spot of bloody ground*.

We've travel'd now across the State,
Found much to praise and much to hate,
With faithfulness we've noted down
Some crying evil in each town,
Yet would not have you, reader, think
That evil springs, alone, from *drink*—
Though, drink, we claim, is *greatest* cause
Of crime committed 'gainst our laws.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

The love of show and costly dress,
We found were cause of much distress,
And *indolence*, with kindred evils,
Prepares some human hearts for devils,
Who crimes commit, by day and night,
Which horrify when brought to light.

Where e'er we went, praise God, we found,
In all "*the dark and bloody ground*,"
A noble class, who spurn'd the wrong,
And would not join the evil throng,
But daily sought, by word and deed,
To cultivate the righteous seed;
And, should the Lord their labor bless,
We'll see a crop of righteousness;
Love and Peace will then abound,
Through all "*the dark and bloody ground*."





National Road Through Cumberland Gap

Part Third

RELIGIOUS AND TEMPERANCE.

Dear reader, pray do not expect,
Each word herein to be correct,
Nor blame us, if we fail to reach
The plain, where perfect beings teach.

NATURE'S GOD.

If, Reader, you will go with me,
And, careful, note the things, we see.
 You'll surely, at our journey's end,
 Regard me as a cherish'd friend.
In all our search, for greater knowledge,
We'll lessons take in Nature's College;
 We'll take the beams, of early dawn,
 To stretch our fancy's sails upon.
We'll search the shores of island stars,
And gather gems from sands of Mars;
 And, on the sea of boundless space,
 We'll talk, with Nature, face to face.

If favor'd, by the wind and tide,
Our barque, of thought, will swiftly glide.
 But, as we go, we'll try to paint,
 A picture of the "Blood wash'd Saint."
And leave for Dante's pen to tell,
The torments, of the damn'd in hell;
 We, only, care to know and teach,
 That LOVE OF GOD to hell can reach;
And, that He brought to life again,
The Soul of One, for sinners, slain,
 Whose death, the debt of Adam, paid,
 And, for his race, atonement made.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

Christ bore, alike, for you and me,
The wrath of God, and set us free;
 And, blessed thought, it is to know
 Beyond HIS LOVE, we cannot go.
For, though we make our beds in hell,
His loving presence, there, will dwell;
 And, if we sail upon the sea,
 His presence, with us, there will be.
If we ascend the Milky Way,
We'll find Nebulas, Him, obey;
 For all the seas, and air, and land,
 Are in the hollow of His hand.

In all the field, of boundless space,
His creatures do behold His face;
 Since, like the seeds by sowers sown,
 He scatters worlds, through all His zone.
All things are good, and nothing mean,
To those, who keep the conscience clean;
 But guilty conscience blinds the eye,
 From seeing, when He passeth by.
Since all, of Nature's perfect laws,
Point back, to some beginning cause;
 It matters not, when time began,
 It was result of former plan.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

When God, to Christ, all things subjected,
He, from the Law, Himself, excepted;
 For He, the unbeginning cause,
 Was far above created laws;
Hence, He, to us, can power give,
Though dead in sin, through Christ to live,
 If things we see created were,
 The CAUSE must be *without a Peer*.
If we admit, things came by Chance,
And Evolution makes advance,
 Was then not Chance, the starting node,
 A self existent, living God?

If worlds, by Chance, in orbits roll,
And each is part of one grand whole,
 Why can not skeptics upward glance,
 And see, by Faith, a God in Chance?
The starting point, of either name,
When reach'd, by Faith, is found the same.
 But worse than skeptic, is the knave,
 Who, foes to damn and friends to save,
Must call Philosophy to aid,
And, by it, prove things double made,
 Or that a triune composite,
 Is bound to have an opposite.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

If such were true, away the thought
That God, all things, from nothing wrought,
And set, Himself, the metes and bounds,
In which the planets make their rounds.
Philosophy can find no place,
To set a bound 'gainst boundless space.
Resistance, nowhere, could exist
'Til God made something to resist;
Since He is boundless as the space,
Naught can exist without His grace;
To man, who liveth but an hour,
God never gave creative power.



WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

UNSOUNDED DEPTHS.

To me, one night, a Seraph came,
Wrapt, though I was in slumber,
Who said, no mortal knew his name,
Or pen could write his number.
His garments were of purest white,
And filled the room with dazzling light.

Though, by him I was much distress'd,
And trembl'd with affright,
There lurks a wish, within my breast,
Again to see that Sprite,
And learn, from him, my fate's decree,
And how to solve all mystery.

The cause to learn, I am inclin'd,
What makes bright prospects fail?
Who gave me my inquiring mind?
What makes me fear and quail?
When I would pluck some fragrant rose,
Why should a thorn my hand oppose?

ORIGINAL POEMS.

Why let the clouds, still, pour out rain,
When all the earth is mud?
Why let the mildew blast the grain,
And fruit be kill'd in bud?
Why make a man and let him sin,
Then die thyself, his love, to win?

Why let the Heathen, Christians, slay,
And eat their flesh for food?
Why order all the world to pray,
Why not just *make* them good?
Why smite the infant of a day,
And not the aged sinner slay?

Oh, Seraph, visit me again,
And make me understand,
Just why the earth is full of pain,
And sorrows fill the land.
Awaiting answer, here, I pause,
Make me to understand God's Laws.

* * * * *

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

When Pluto brought the shades of night,
That Seraph came again,
His head was crown'd with nimbus bright,
His voice was clear and plain,
He stood besides my humble bed,
And this is what, to me, he said:

Oh, mortal mind, in mortal frame,
Thy many questions are the same,
That man has ask'd since time began,
Who try to solve the mystic plan,
And seek the *infinite* to find,
And grasp it with a *finite* mind.

Canst thou command the stars, so bright,
To shed more lustre to the night?
Canst thou the sun and moon control?
Or make, from dust, a living soul?
Or, in a school, canst thou be taught
To photograph the waves of thought?

Canst thou ascend the Milky Way,
And sweep from night its misty spray?
Canst thou, a line through heaven, trace
And reach the boundary of space?
Or e'en tell how the vulture flies
As, upward, he ascends the skies?

ORIGINAL POEMS.

Since simple things, like these, you see
And wonder at their mystery,
How could you grasp, though I should tell,
The secrets of both heaven and hell,
How God hath purposed, in His mind,
To use the saved the lost to find?

Just trust the Lord and cease thy fears,
Dry up the fountain of thy tears,
And, patiently, endure the rod,
Laid on thee by a loving God.
Go forth! Proclaim His Holy Word!
Enough to know—IT IS THE LORD.



WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

THE LILIES.

The Lily's dress, so pure and bright,
Fills all our being, with delight;
 The rays of sun, that on them shine,
 Distill, within, sweet nectarine
Which freights the air with rich perfume,
And so dispels all thought of gloom.

The purple robes, that Monarchs wear,
Can never with this flower compare;
 But heirs of God, through faith divine,
 When cloth'd upon, will far outshine
All earthly blooms, that here have been,
By any eye, of mortal, seen;
 The righteous robes, for them in store,
 Will shine when lilies bloom no more.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

A GLORIOUS FOURTH.

Yes, boys, I've been to town again,
First time for more'n a year.
Oh, no, the place is not the same,
For drunks nowhere appear;
When I was there, two years ago,
I had a dozen fights, you know.

Yes, things have chang'd, I must confess,
And times are better now,
So Betsy and the gals can dress,
As fashion dictates how;
My pocketbook is not so lank,
As when, of yore, I swore and drank.

Yes, Betsy and the little ones,
All, went along. You see
I fear no longer petty duns,
Like those once pok'd at me.
I now can claim good mens respect,
And hold, a sober head, erect.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

Yes, boys, it was July the Fourth—
That glorious holiday—
When people South and people North,
Each other meet half way:
But, lemonade and pop, I think,
Were all, this time, they had to drink.

Yes, Bristol is a happy town,
Since whiskey, beer and gin,
No longer wear a legal crown,
On head in either twin;
But both, alas, would need our pity,
If rum were sold in either city.

Yes, boys, 'tis true, I saw no fight,
Although I took in all
Parades, by day, and shows at night;
But, as I now recall,
There was, in town, I think, just one
Drunken cuss from Abingdon.

Yes, boys, up *there*, they sell the stuff,
That made me love to fight;
But, thank the Lord, I got enough,
And, now, I treat men right;
So, you see, I went to Bristol,
Without either club or pistol.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

Yes, I'm sure, the press was greater,
Than any former crowd,
Gather'd early, stay'd in later—
Saloons were not allow'd,
And, I'm sure, *that* was the reason,
We had such a glorious season.



WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

A TWOFOLD LIFE.

We live a twofold life, I know,
And, *thus*, the fact can plainly show:
 The weary frame, on downy bed,
 To Argon's plain, in sleep, is led;
The atmosphere therein, so calm,
Doth all the waking thoughts embalm.

We oft would, fain, that fact dispute,
When waking brain becomes astute;
 We often keep our thoughts subdued,
 Lest some we love should call us rude;
But, while to sleep, our body's lent,
Our thoughts know no such ambient.

For though our *first* is lying mute,
Our *second being* is argute;
 And when, in death, the body lies,
 The mind moves on and never dies;
The body may to dust return,
But mind will ever live and learn.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

BEREAVEMENT.

When I behold thy form in death,
And touch thy cold, but placid, brow,
I know that God, who gave thee breath,
Is caring for thy spirit now.

Though, now, my heart must bleed and ache,
Because, alone, I'm left to roam,
The Lord, my soul, will, some day, take
To where thou art, in His bright home.

In losing thee, earth's brightest flower,
That scatter'd incense here in life,
Was pluck'd to brighten Eden's bower,
But robs me of a loving wife.

Can place on earth, my sorrow heal,
And make my aching heart rejoice,
Where I cannot, thy presence, feel
Or hear again thy charming voice?

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

My soul would, eager, take it's flight,
And soar, to worlds unknown,
In search of thee, my heart's delight.
Say, whither hast thou flown?

Return, once more, that I may see,
If only in a dream,
The former smiles thou gavest me,
While floating on life's stream.

Yet, wish I, not, to bring the back,
To this low vale of sorrow,
But hope to follow, in thy track,
And see thee ere the morrow.

As earth can never, comfort give,
Since thou, from it, departed
Oh! Why should I, upon it, live!
A creature broken hearted!!

ORIGINAL POEMS.

EASTER.

Bow'd down beneath a dreadful weight,
Of agony, exceeding great,
A sorrowful but faithful three,
With costly spice of Araby,
Hastened, at the dawn of day,
To Joseph's tomb where Jesus lay;
And, though their hope gave 'way to fear,
When He was pierc'd by Roman spear,
Those faithful women did intend,
The last sad rite of friend for friend.

But, when His body was not found,
Their grief and anguish knew no bound;
But Mary Magdalene, to prove
That she remember'd all His love,
Stood, weeping by the open door,
And, thus, a stranger, did implore:
"Oh, tell me where, kind sir, I pray,
If thou hast borne my Lord away!"
The stranger gently made reply:
"Mary, weep not; Lo! It is I!"

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

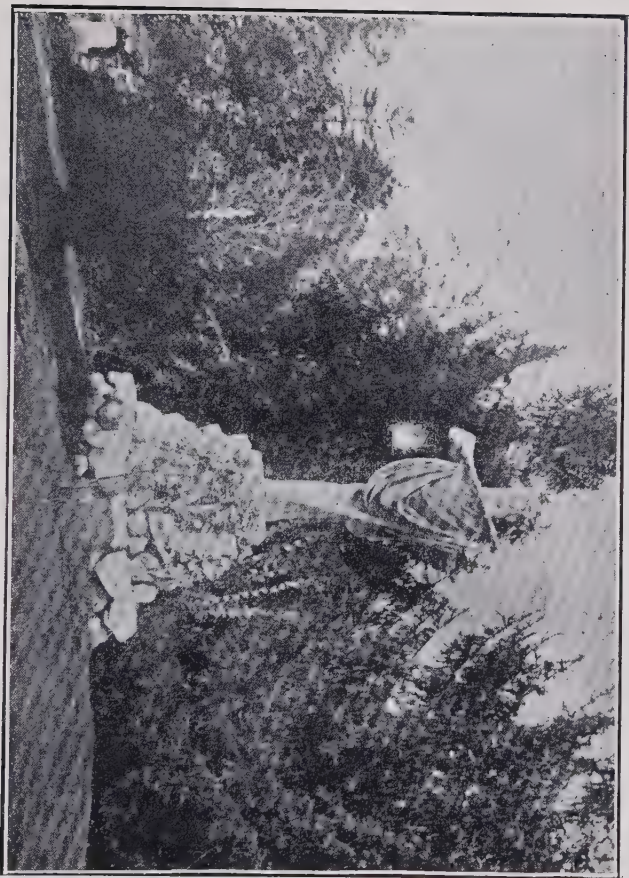
Then Mary's heart, with rapture, beat,
Prostrate, she fell, at Jesus' feet;
Forgetting all her agony,
She, joyful, cried out "Raboni!"
Jesus said, with hands extended,
"Touch me not, I've not ascended!"
"Tell my disciples," then He said,
"That I have risen, from the dead;
And, if they wish my face to see,
To meet Me down in Galilee."

Then Mary, with a buoyant heart,
The news, to Peter, did impart;
When he, with John, ran to the tomb,
And found it but an empty room.
So, she, to whom much was forgiven,
Was first to greet the Lord, when risen;
And so may we, though steep'd in sin,
Have hope, the Master's grace, to win,
And hear Him, as He passeth by,
Say: "Sinner, weep not; It is I!"

ORIGINAL POEMS.

IN MEMORIAM.

This day, throughout each Southern State,
The brave and true commemorate,
 The natal day, of one whose fame,
 Is broad as civil man's domain.
Let us from his grand life, well spent,
The lesson learn: to be content
 With Fate's decree, when it is met,
 On open field and parapet.
And, in the civil walks of life—
When some would fain prolong the strife—
 Let us, like Lee, resist each foe,
 Who seeks, just laws, to overthrow,
Or take away a civil right,
And introduce the rule of might.
 Then time, the righter of all wrong,
 Will keep our names preserv'd in song.
Who honors God must honor State,
And 'gainst all crime confederate;
 All honest men now plainly see
 Such was the course of R. E. Lee.



Monument to Confederate Dead.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

A TEMPERANCE ALPHABET.

A is the Apple, that caused us to sin.
B is the Brandy, that apple within.
C is the Cider, from which it is made.
D is the Drunkard, debauch'd and betray'd,
E is the Evenings, from home he has spent;
F is the Father, that bids him repent,
G is the Goodness, that God hath him shown;
H is his heart that is harder than stone,
I is Inebriate, the state he'll attain,
J is the Jail where he cools off his brain,
K is the Keys, that so harshly there grate,
L the Liberty those Keys from him take.
M is the Murders, some drunkards commit,
N is the Noose, a punishment fit.
O is the Orphans, the drunkard must leave,
P is the Poor wife that for him will grieve;
Q is the Qualms of sorrow and care,
R the Reproaches his family bear.
S the Saloon man that rakes in the prize,
T is his Taxes that blind people's eyes.
Under a license, he sits at his ease,
Virtue destroying, the vicious to please.
'Wake from thy slumber, Oh, Christians, awake!
'Xpell this great evil, from county and state!
Your honor's at stake, then why longer pause?
Zealously work, for the temperance cause.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

RESURRECTION.

The lilac shows its purple plume,
The dandelion yellow,
The Easter flowers are in full bloom,
The south wind's soft and mellow;
For spring is here, with grasses green,
And Equinox is vernal,
The blades from planted seeds are seen,
Obeying laws eternal.

The buds begin to swell, on trees,
And blooms to fragrance shed,
Thus proving God, with perfect ease,
Can bring life from the dead;
Christ is the sun, that warms the clay,
In which all souls are planted;
He moves, in a mysterious way,
By Him, is death supplanted.

Though long, the torpid night of death,
Through which all flesh has pass'd,
'Twill be a new and ceaseless breath,
That Christ will give, at last;
Triumphant, rose He, from the grave,
In His sublime perfection;
He died, our sinful souls, to save;
He is *the resurrection*.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

SANTA CLAUS.

Santa Claus! Santa Claus! where have you flown?

None of your presents my stockings have known;
My mamma is sick, and papa is dead;

Santa Claus! Santa Claus! where have you fled?
I see you have visited Millionaire Brown,

And all the rich children that live in the town;
While I am so hungry, I wish I were dead,
Santa Claus! Santa Claus! please bring me some
bread.

Santa Claus! Santa Claus! where do you live?

Why costly presents to rich children give?
While many a child, whose papa is dead,
Would thank thee, so much, for one loaf of bread.
Santa Claus! Santa Claus! I dream'd in the night,
That you were the friend of the black and the
white,

And I thought, dear Santa, the tears that I shed,
Had opened your pack, and supplied us with bread.

But when the glad news, my mamma, I told
She said not a word, but lay stiff and cold;
I could not 'wake her, so crawl'd out of bed,
O, then I could see, my mamma was dead.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

Then soon to the house came a whole lot of men,
Who asked many questions—they wrote with a
pen—
I scream'd in my anguish, the neighbors all said,
And when they came over, they found she was
dead.

The doctor looked wise, as he drew out a book,
In which he wrote something, a fat man took;
Some look'd very sad—others kept scoffing,
And took my mamma off in a coffin.
Oh, Santa Claus! Santa Claus! what shall I do?
Since the death man has took my sweet mamma,
too;
And only just think what the doctor man said,
He wrote it down plainly—"Starvation" it read.

My eyes are open, the veil is riven,
The poor of the earth are saints in heaven ;
With plenty to eat, and bright robes to wear,
In that happy home—no wants enter there.
And now I see mamma, she's dressed all in white,
And beckons me to her, with smiles of delight;
I'm coming, dear mamma, the doctor man said
That God and the angels would give me some
bread.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

Angels are coming, I see them afar,

Descending to earth from each distant star,
Nearer and nearer they come in their flight,

The glint of their garments dispelling the night.
Now see them in groups as they stand 'round my bed,

And feed me on manna, much sweeter than bread;
They tell me in heaven, where God makes the laws,
There's plenty for all, and a just Santa Claus.



ORIGINAL POEMS.

NOTHING IN VAIN.

In a crevice, age had rifted
Through an oaken window sill,
By some cause, a small seed drifted,
And that crevice tried to fill;
With two tender leaves distended,
Whereon fell the dews of night,
Which alone its life defended,
'Gainst the morrow's sun so bright.

But, that faithful little preacher,
To my doubting mind, gave hope,
For I thought, if such frail creature
'Gainst adversity could cope,
Could not I, with all my teaching,
Overcome surrounding sin?
So my hope went upward reaching,
And its God now reigns within.



WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

Again I look, its leaves are dead.

Its race thus soon was run,
The element, on which it fed,
Was not the proper one;
No friendly hand, for it, did care,
Its roots were never wet,
It needed earth, as well as air,
And that it could not get.

Just so, too oft, Truth's precious seed
Is lost in riven hearts,
For want of earth, on which to feed,
From it, life soon departs;
But if, unlike that wither'd vine,
We fertile soil possess,
Then air, and rain, and bright sunshine,
With fruit our lives will bless.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

SHINAR.

He dies as the fool dieth,
And few will mourn his loss,
Who unjust rules applieth,
The tyrant King or boss;
He sleeps, in death, as soundly
As the humble beggars sleep,
Though eulogies profoundly,
Cause, e'en his foes to weep.

Though shaft, of finest marble,
May mark his lowly bed,
And song birds sweetly warble,
On boughs above his head;
The beggar's unshriv'd body,
Which sleeps in grave unkept,
Who spent his all for toddy,
And liv'd and died unwept,

Is now as free from sorrow,
As he, who wore a crown,
Death had, for him, no horror,
It simply laid him down;

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

He laid not up great treasure,
'Gainst want that might not come,
His life was spent in pleasure,
Though squalid was his home.

And, now, he sleeps contented,
Though none his death regret,
Save he from whom he rented,
Who goes without his debt;
No sculptor 'graves deep letters,
For him, in shaft so tall;
Still death, with equal fetters,
Doth bind the great and small.



ORIGINAL POEMS.

OBSEQUIES.

Ashes to ashes, and dust unto dust,
End of thy sorrow, and end of thy lust;
All that we are, and the best we can be,
Is a glorified spirit, by death set free.

Death is no monster, though king since the fall,
But rest from labor, a blessing to all;
Distinctions of wealth, of color and caste,
All these are consum'd to ashes at last.

Dives, no longer, is tortur'd in flame;
Bridg'd is that gulf, since Emanuel came.
The penitent Judas, in death, found relief,
When knowledge of crime o'erwhelm'd him with
grief.

Jesus once suffer'd, all sins to atone;
The crimes *we* commit, *He* claims are *His* own;
And so He redeem'd *all sinners* from hell,
Where *they*, by the sword of Justice, once fell.

Souls 'reft of spirit, to dust, must return,
Still, a new body shall spring, from the Urn!
Christ's resurrection hath lighted the gloom,
Sinners, no longer, need fear the dark tomb.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

WHERE PROHIBITION WINS.

Come, all ye staunch and brave heroes,
By many battles sear'd,
Complete surrender of your foes,
Will soon be your reward.

Ye, mothers, too, so long in doubt,
Lest some dear son should fall,
Help those rejoice, who puts, to rout,
The Demon Alcohol.

Ye, sons and daughters, too, rejoice,
And let sweet anthems 'rise,
In praise of those whose noble choice,
Placed your town with the "Drys."

Ye toppers, who, so oft, resolv'd,
To quit the "poison cup,"
'Til broken vows your peace involv'd,
You now can give it up.

Though hard the battles, you have fought,
'Gainst morbid appetite,
Your resolutions came to naught,
While rum remain'd in sight.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

Ye, children, of the drunkard, too,
Rejoice that Booze has gone,
For papa now will care for you,
As he has never done!

Ye, drunkards wives, so oft betray'd,
By promise of reform,—
That promise broken, oft as made,
'Til hope became forlorn,—

Rejoice now, your husband's free,
And that which held him bound,
Is driven from this town, you see,
To more congenial ground.

Alas! For those unrighteous towns,
That love Saloons to see,
The God, who on all evil frowns,
Will troubles bring on thee.

Your sons will fill a felons cell,
Your daughters be betray'd;
Your courts with rottenness will smell;
Your couch of thorns be made.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

Yet should your anguish, born of grief,
 Bid you the Demon slay,
We'll gladly come to your relief,
 And help you while we stay.

For ev'ry town, from rum set free,
 Will join us in the fight,
That soon shall make that Demon flee,
 To depths of darkest night.



ORIGINAL POEMS.

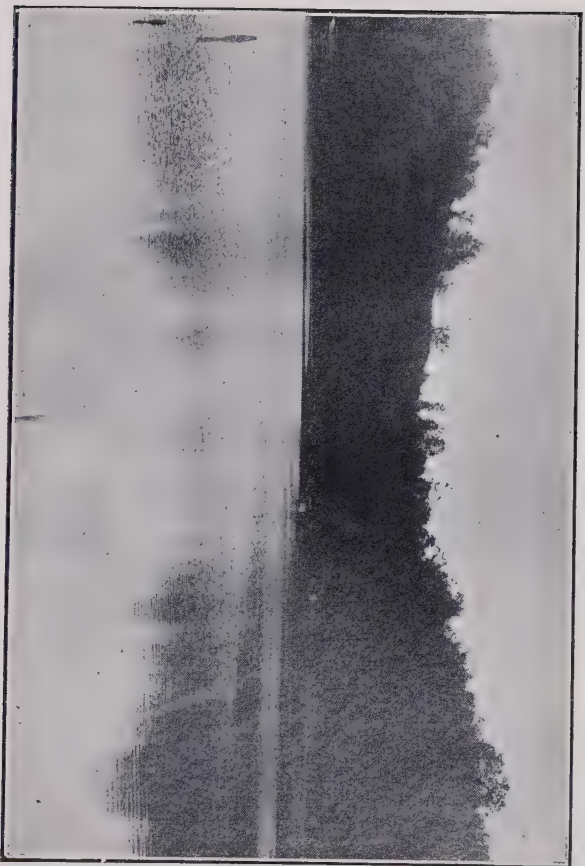
THE BITTER DREGS.

I'm standing on the threshold, of eternity, at last,
Reckless of the future, as I have been, of the past!
I am void of all ambition; I am dead to ev'ry hope;
The coil, of life, is ended; I'm letting go the rope!

I've drifted down the stream of time, weary, sore,
 oppress'd;
I'm tired of the motion, and simply want a rest.
I've tasted all the pleasures, that life can hold for
 man;
I've scann'd the whole world o'er, till there's nothing
 left to scan.

I've heard the finest music, I've read the rarest
 books,
I've drunk the purest vintage, and tasted all the
 cooks,
I've run the scale of living, and sounded ev'ry tone;
There's nothing left to live for, I long to be alone.

Alone, and unmolested, where vultures do not rave.
The only refuge left me, is the cold, silent grave.
I'm Judge and Jury mingl'd, the verdict that I give
Is, minus friends and money 'tis foolishness to live.



The Peaceful Lake.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

But, when my lifeless body is found, out in the lake,
The doctor gets a call and the coroner a take,
A Jury's verdict "Suicide. Cause, to us, unknown,"
Then a blank Golgotha draws and mound without a
stone.

To change that heartless verdict, I'll give the reason
now,
Ere the rigid seal of death, is fix'd upon my brow;
It is the same sad story of passion, love and crime,
Repeated through the ages since Cleopatra's time—

Woman's lips and woman's eyes, a siren all in all,
A modern Circe, fit to cause stronger men to fall,
A wedded life, blissful years, then poverty drops in,
With it came care, and doubt and fear, whiskey,
beer and gin.

The story told by Tolstoi, when compared with mine,
Is moonlight unto sunlight, or water unto wine;
The jealous pangs I suffer'd, the sleepless nights of
woe,
I pray, no other mortal may, ever, undergo.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

I've said enough, I fancy, to make the reasons plain,
Enough to show the causes, of shatter'd heart and
brain,

No wonder, I'm so willing to snap the threads that
bind,

My life to this frail body, despised by womankind.

Already dead but breathing—a fact that I regret—
A man without desire, now, excepting to forget,
And, since that is denied me, why should I linger
here,

A dead leaf from the forest, though prematurely
sear?

So *au revoir*, old cronies. If there's a place beyond,
I'll let you know in spirit, and hope you will respond,
I'm going now, old comrades, to heaven or to hell,
I'll let you know which, shortly; farewell a long
farewell.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

THEIR WORKS ENDURE.

Come, Reading Public, view the end,
Of one whose life, for you, was spent;
A poet, and, a better friend
Ne'er liv'd, upon this continent;
Though, in a squalid room, at last,
His noble spirit, from him, pass'd.

Since death, upon him, laid it's hand,
And, now, he sleeps in its embrace,
A pauper's grave, alone, will stand,
To mark his last, sad resting place,
Unnoticed by the passing throngs,
Although they often sing his songs.

Yet, on the walls of fickle Fame,—
Who honors worth, in after times,—
There'll be, in letters large, the name
Of him who wrote such pleasing rhymes;
Then all the world will wonder, why,
In squalor, he was left to die.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

But so it was and so it is,
True merit, oft, in garret lives:
A noble spirit, such as his,
To others, all its riches, gives;
But God rewards such charity,
With joy through all eternity.



WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

I went to church one Sunday,
The day was clear and fine;
The sermon preach'd was, one way,
Explaining bread and wine.

The preacher talk'd of heaven,
And pictur'd out a hell;
He told how the eleven,
Could make the sick folks well.

He own'd Christ's Body, Broken;
Was for the cure of sins;
For which the present token,
We eat and drink as signs.

I thought; oh, man of letters,
You wrest the Scriptures well,
You bind some with strong fetters,
And thrust them down to hell.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

While others, just as sinful,
 You would to heaven take;
You seem to be unmindful,
 Christ died for sinners sake.

And that the law, once broken,
 Was at His death repeal'd,
The "Bread and Wine" betoken:
 "We, by His stripes, are heal'd."



WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

THE BROAD AND NARROW GAUGE.

Reaching station after station,
On life's railway, as I glide,
I have cause for exultation,
For I am a chosen bride.

Many start with brighter prospects,
Having friends who scatter flowers,
But, too oft, those flowers the soul wrecks,
In life's early morning hours.

For, too many run on blindly,
Never heeding signals set,
By the Master, Who so kindly,
Charg'd us never to forget.

Back at Childhood, there were standing,
Engines numbers One and Two;
One is noted for it's landing,
All the passengers safe through.

Infants, only, are permitted,
On that through Express to ride;
Christ, for them, that train outfitted,
When for Adam's sin He died.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

* * * * *

A red light signal swings at Youth,
Which is a danger sign;
Here follies tempt to switch from Truth,
And take the Broad Gauge line.

From Youth, there is a heavy grade,
To Man and Womanhood,
And here some sad mistakes are made,
By e'en the wise and good.

The Broad Gauge road, here, many take,
For it runs parallel,
But has no time card nor air brake,
And terminates at Hell.

So, if to Heaven you would go,
Stick to the Narrow Gauge,
It's cars are small and time is slow,
But takes you to Old Age.

It runs from thence to Paradise,
And New Jerusalem,
A city far up in the skies,
Bright shining as a gem.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

There Christ will wipe all tears away,
And give eternal life;
He safely guards from day to day,
The train that bears his wife.

A feast, the Father will provide,
And bless His faithful Son,
By giving Him the Church, for bride,
And make the twain as one.



ORIGINAL POEMS.

WHO HATH WOES!

Who hath sorrows, in the heart?
Who, with peace and comfort, part,
And, with sore afflictions, smart?

Who hath woes?

They, who tarry at the wine,
They, who seek the saloon sign,
They, who bow at Bacchus' shrine,
They have woes.

Who hath red and swollen eyes?
Who hath tongues, that utter lies?
Who hath painful memories?

Who hath woes?

They, who sip the mad'ning bowl,
They who barter off the soul,
And, to Bacchus, thus, pay toll,
They have woes.

Who hath lost respect for laws?
Who hath wounds without a cause,
Treading downward, without pause,
Who hath woes?

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

They whose eyes, with cunning, wink,
They, who learn to mix their drink,
'Til their breath of liquors stink,
 They have woes.

Who hath broils and contentions,
And have used base inventions,
Sacrificing good intentions?

 Who hath woes?

They whose eyes are full of lust,
And who, from them, virtue thrust,
They who in strange women trust,
 They have woes.

What can conquer all our woes,
And from trouble give repose,
And our lives, with honor, close?

 What cures woes?

Look not on the wine, when red;
Be not, by strange women led
Let your heart to Christ be wed,
 He cures woes.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

CHICAMAUGA.

On the field of Chicamauga,
Lying on the blood stain'd ground,
While the dead were being buried,
A brave Southern lad was found,
In whose bosom, still, there linger'd,
Traces of remaining breath,
Those few words, by him, were spoken,
Ere he closed his eyes in death—

Chorus.

“Break the news to mother softly,
Lest, to her, it fatal prove,
Tell her, in the midst of battle,
I was strengthen'd by her love.”

“Tell my mother, I am dying,
In the cause of freedom's right,
And the Bible, that she gave me,
Is my comfort and delight;
Tell her, in the midst of battle,
Where the shot fell thick as rain,
There for love of home and country,
I was number'd with the slain.”

Chorus.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

“Tell dear mother, I die happy,
Though her face, I fain would see,
Many foemen, now between us,
Bars that pleasure unto me;
But the time is shortly coming
When, I know, she too must die,
Then we'll meet above, in heaven,
Where no foemen cometh nigh.”

Chorus.

On his body, when we search'd it,
In a pocket, o'er his heart,
There we found a precious keep sake,
He had carried, from the start;
It was label'd “Holy Bible,”
And was by his mother given,
It was compass, on life's journey,
Pointing to a home in heaven.

Chorus.

Since he now no longer needed,
This fond token of her love,
To his mother we return'd it,
With this message, “Gone above;”

ORIGINAL POEMS.

For, with tranquil eye uplifted,
To the pitying clouds o'erhead,
In a faint and fainter whisper,
He to those about him said:

Chorus.

"Break the news to mother softly,
Lest, to her, it fatal prove,
Tell her, in the midst of battle,
I was strengthen'd by her love."



WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

DORCAS.

Brightly beams her life's endeavor,
And she, high, among us, stood,
For the cause, that sway'd her, ever,
Was the cause of human good.

Now, with loving lips, we kiss her,
Ere, from us, her form is borne:
Many homeless waifs will miss her,
And their little hearts will mourn.

Like the stars, above us shining,
Is the light of her good deeds;
Wonder not at our repining,
With our bodies draped in weeds!

ORIGINAL POEMS.

GALILEE.

As on the sea of Galilee,
Some fishermen nets were casting,
Their hearts were sad as sad could be,
Many hours, they had been fasting.

A stranger stood, upon the shore,
And, in a voice so kind and sweet,
As if, their fate, he did deplore,
Said: "Children have you any meat?"

And one, of them, made this reply:
"Behold we've toil'd all through the night;
We can not tell the reason why,
But not a fish has come in sight."

The stranger said, "Then cast the net.
Just over on the other side,
Try there and see what you will get!"
"That is the Lord," one of them cried.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

When Simon heard, it was the Lord,
He cast himself, into the sea,
He left the net, in other's ward,
And pardon sought on bended knee.

E'er since the Lord was crucified,
He'd left the work, to him assign'd,
And all his labor was applied,
To satisfy his selfish mind.

The others pull'd the net to shore,
With what result we now will see,
In it were fishes by the score,
Of hundreds one, fifty and three.

The Lord had fishes broil'd on coals,
And soon their hunger satisfied;
Thus teaching us: *to reach mens souls,*
When hungry,—food must be supplied.

If we the Lord's command would heed,
And follow Him, the Living Way,
The hungry toilers, we would feed,
Then they would cheerfully obey.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

SLAY THE DRAGON.

When man forsakes the living God,
And Bacchus serves from day to day,
His conscience seared becomes a rod,
That all his finer feelings slay.

He heedeth not his Mothers' tears,
Nor careth what his neighbors think;
The Serpent calms his inward fears,
If conscience bids him from it shrink.

His house becomes a brothel soon,
In which the imps of darkness play,
His wife at sight of him will swoon,
And poverty will have full sway.

His children, ragged, roam the streets,
And beg for food from all they see;
They soon are classed among dead-beats,
If Mamma too should take a spree.

The end of all this want and woe,
As prophets spoke in olden time,
Will come when all men here below
Drink non-intoxicating wine.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

Or, better still, if water pure,
The place of wine and liquor take;
Ten thousand, thousand men, I'm sure,
Would other forms of sin forsake.

Then soon we might expect again,
A visitant from paradise,
For Christ would come and here remain,
And we could see him with our eyes.

Then Faith no more would needed be,
For knowledge faith would swallow up;
If you that happy time would see,
Then put aside the poison cup.

For, long as whiskey, wine and rum,
With other evils in their train,
Prevent the glad millennium,
No Christ, on earth, would long remain.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

THE MYSTIC THREE.

Desire for association,
Was given man at his creation;
And from association grew,
A Friendship that was tried and true;
Not such as that display'd by Cain,
Who sacrificed, in hope of gain;
But such as Abel's thankful heart,
Prompted him to set apart,
The firstlings of his flock and herd,
To show true friendship for the Lord.

'Tis by such friendship seeds are sown,
From which the plants of Love are grown;
Such Love removes from death its pall,
And sheds it's fragrance free to all.
So Truth the *third* link, in our chain,
Is taught for Love, and not for gain,
Truth, Love and Friendship, each, are taught
By three small links, together wrought,
And in those links, we often see,
These mystic letters F. L. T.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

THE MODERN WOODMEN OF AMERICA.

Come all ye Modern Woodmen,
With Beatle, Axe and Wedge,
Clear first the vine lock'd jungle,
Around the forests edge;
Then strike, with manly vigor,
The giant oak and pine,
From them, hew out the timber,
To build a Woodman's Shrine.

Square well each stick of timber,
Before you work it in;
Our Temple must be holy,
And free from taint of sin.
Pile on the chips and juggles,
And make the camp-fire shine.
The Tripod needs attention,
Observe each Woodman sign.

Our hands are ever open,
Protecting care, to give,
To those of any nation,
A Woodman's life will live.
So haste to join the Woodmen,
Be honest, just and true;
Then, if you need assistance,
'Twill surely come to you.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

THE MODERN BROTHERHOOD OF AMERICA.

All those, who join the M. B. A.,
And promptly, its assessments pay,
Have found, we know, the proper way
To guard against adversity.

All those, who take that noble stand,
Will find their service in demand:
So, with the labor of their hands,
Can meet, with ease, all its demands.

And, when their earthly race is run,
And all lifes work has been well done,
The pittance, that with us they spend,
We'll promptly pay to their "next friend."

'Tis all to gain and naught to lose,
So try the better part to choose,
Let doubt and fear cause no delay,
But join, at once, the M. B. A.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

EDEN.

'Way back, when Old Time as an infant began,
The Wisdom of God, out of dust, made a man,
And gave him a phosphorus cave, for a home,
With stalagmite seats and a stalactite dome.
The scene was so pleasant, that greeted his eyes,
He knew, at a glance, he was in Paradise.

God planted a garden, nearby on the East,
The cravings of man, to supply, with a feast;
The fruit of one tree, from the man, He reserv'd,
In it was a secret, He wanted preserv'd;
Of the right and wrong, it gave better knowledge,
Than man ever since has learn'd in a college.

The fruit of that tree, gave a knowledge of sin,
Convicting of wrong, by a conscience within,
The duty, of man, was the garden to dress,
And keep it from being a dense wilderness.
God saw that the man, he so cunningly made,
Was lonely and sad, as he work'd at his trade .

ORIGINAL POEMS.

For He saw, at a glance, as He sat on His throne,
That man was a failure, if left all alone;
So anxious was He, affection, to show man,
From one of his ribs, He builded a woman;
To crown him with love, to Adam He brought her,
So Adam and Eve were God's son and daughter.



WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

WAS IT A DREAM.

Once, on a lofty mountain,
Where treetops kiss the sky,
Beside a pearling fountain
That wooes the passerby,
I cast my weary body,
Down, on a mossy bank,
And dream'd of founts of toddy,
Where only angels drank.

Buttercups and Columbines
Were 'round me in full bloom,
And overhanging grape vines
Compounded a perfume,
Whose stupefying odor
Brought me, in dreamy sleep,
To state upon the border,
Of "The eternal deep."

I dream'd, I saw a city,
Whose distance was not great,
That call'd for help and pity,—
'Twas nam'd Inebriate;

ORIGINAL POEMS.

Its officers were laggards,
And ever wink'd at crime,
Its men and boys—blackguards—
Were drunk, most of their time.

Its streets were ever reeking,
With germs of vile disease;
And merchants there were seeking,
Each customer to squeeze,
They fix'd the price of labor,
Through what they bought and sold,
The way they lov'd a neighbor,
Was to possess his gold.

Hard by, I saw a village,
Where men were cloth'd and fed,
From governmental pillage,—
While living these were dead—
Though millions were expended,
On that palatial home,
Its inmates there descended,
Into a living tomb.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

True heroes *justly* merit,
The peoples love and pride,
But seek not to inherit,
The Nations wealth beside.
'Tis up to men, elected
To formulate our laws,
To state how they expected,
Good from an evil cause.

I saw another city,
With buildings tall and great;
Its parks and streets were pretty,
And citizens sedate.
I ask'd a charming maiden—
Whom, there, I chanc'd to meet,
With fingers jewel laden—
The name of town and street.

* * * * *

She said "This, sir, is Washington,
And this the Avenue;
I thought that ev'ry mother's son,
Of this fine city knew,

ORIGINAL POEMS.

Since, here, is where the laws are made,
That ev'ry thing controls,
They even license folks to trade,
In stuff that damns mens souls."

She led me to the Capitol—
Congress was in session—
Some, absent at the last roll call,
Stood fin'd for transgression;
I saw, such fines were never paid,
And so they little cared.
When motions were on table laid
From sight they disappear'd.

I saw an angel, patient, stand
Seeking recognition,
With roll of paper, in her hand,
Label'd "A petition,"
It pray'd that Congress pass a law
To stop some evil trade;
But it, like others that I saw,
Was "on the table laid."

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

I saw a giant Octopus,
A tentacle, reach out
To grasp a privilege from us—
Each member look'd about—
There was a lobby, good and strong,
Questions put, to answer,
So, with a shout and joyful song,
Congress said "You can sir."

* * * * *

The speakers gavel sounded,
And order was restor'd;
While, I had feelings wounded,
When told that I had snor'd;
Although my sleep was ended,
Abruptly, by that stream,
This story is intended,
To mean more than a dream.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

EXTREMES MEET.

I saw a baby take his bread,
And cast it on the floor,
Then shut his eyes and pound his head,
And, loudly, cry for more.

I saw that baby, grown to youth,
Refuse to go to school,
From which I judg'd, a certain truth,
As man he'd be a fool.

But, then, I saw another child
Nurs'd in the lap of wealth,
She coo'd and prattl'd laugh'd and smil'd,
And had the best of health.

She went to church and Sunday-school,
Bright were the words she said.
Alas! She too was but a fool,
For she the other wed.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

A man, who, boastingly, once taught,
All doctors practice fraud,
Had all his boasting set at naught,
When stricken with typhoid.

That simple, yet that dire disease,
He got by drinking germs,
Or breath'd them from infected breeze—
He now for doctors years.

I saw a woman spend an hour,
Where fashions were display'd,
In wind so chill it froze the flower,
That o'er her bosom sway'd.

Then saw her sit by glowing fire,
Prepar'd for her at home,
And vow the home, she should admire,
Was like the frigid zone.

I saw a man, with useful trade,
Prepare a cigarette;
When, with him, I remonstrance made,
He flew into a pet.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

His brain, he said, was just as clear,
As that of any one;
And that he did not want to hear,
Of risks that he must run.

I, later, saw that man, so stern,
With brain and nerve so weak,
That he could not, a living earn,
So beg'd upon the street.

But human nature, I surmise,
Is ev'rywhere the same;
We laud the evil to the skies,
The good must bear all blame.



WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

THE TOPER'S LAMENT.

Dear John, you know it is not true,
That times are better now,
Than when, as boys, I and you
Were following the plow.

'Tis true, our work is not so hard,
Since, by machines, it's done;
But blasted hope is our reward,
We have no time for fun.

My taxes have, from shillings, grown
To be two hundred dollars;
We have much finer schools, I own,
But what about the scholars?

They claim that whiskey is a curse,
And poisons heart and brain,
And that it leads from bad to worse,
And drives some men insane.

They say saloon men often get,
The price of all our labor;
I own they are a greedy set,
For, I have one as neighbor.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

They've stirr'd up all the Christian folks,
And voted whiskey down,
We thought, at first, it was a hoax,
But now its out of town.

So now, alas! I can not find,
A drop to cheer me up;
I fear that I shall lose my mind,
For want of one wee sup.

I own, I see on ev'ry hand,
A far more thrifty crew;
But still you now can understand,
What makes me feel so blue.

So now, dear John, I'll say good by,
Your friend's become a moper;
Who daily drank three pints of rye,
'Till he became

A. TOPER.



Reflections.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

THE OLD SPRING HOUSE.

As I sit and dream and dream,
Of the milk house, by the stream,
Where we kept the golden cream,

Long ago,

It doth, yesterday but, seem
Since I drove, my father's team,
Down to water in that stream;

Yet I know,

By the grey hairs, on my head,
And my school mates who are dead,
And my children, grown and wed,

That 'tis long,

Since the time I used to go,
O'er that foot-bridge seen below,
And my voice would outward flow,

In a song.

On a mossy bank, I see
Those who used to sit with me,
In that shade of maple tree,
And pull out,
From the depths of that same brook,
With a line and baited hook,
Fish, we learn'd at home, from cook,

ORIGINAL POEMS.

Were the trout.
And we'd often take a stroll,
To a broader, deeper hole,
Where the crystal waters roll,
O'er the cliff;
There, without a pole or oar,
With those comrades, gone before,
I would push, from shore to shore,
An old skiff.

Now I see my sister Kate,
As she passes through the gate,
With a pitcher and a plate,
Near the spring;
She looks witching, I confess,
In her homespun Sunday dress,—
May her shadow ne'er grow less,
Nor the ring,
Of her charming voice, be still,
Nor that pitcher cease to fill,
With the milk, so white and chill,
Yet so sweet
That I seem to taste it now,
And I often wonder how,
Any common, brindle cow,
Gave such treat.

WM. YANCEY ERWIN.

It was better, better far,
Than the drinks, sold at the bar,
For it left no cruel scar,

On the soul,
But a pleasant recollection,
Of a family connection,
Where the hand, of true affection,

Fill'd the bowl;
It would not intoxicate,
Nor arouse in one a hate,
Like the drink distillers make;

Nor appall,
With the host of evil deeds,
To which the other leads—
Blessed drink—it far exceeds

Alcohol!

Yes, my thoughts will ever cling,
Fondly 'round that wall'd up spring,
Where in childhood I would sing,

With such glee,
Of that Savior, who once came,
To redeem my soul from flame,
And who bore my guilt and shame,

On the tree.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

Since, that Savior, I have found,
Hope springs forward, with a bound,
To drink in thy trumpet sound,

Gabriel!

For, though dark'ning clouds arise,
And obscure the azure skies,
Through the mist, that Savior cries,
"All is well!"

While, I sit and dream and dream,
There looms up another stream,
And I nearer, nearer seem

To its shore;

By a beacon light, remote,
I can see, instead of boat,
Christ the sacrificial goat,

Bears us o'er.

Without lifeboat ship or yawl,
I can weather any squall,
For that Savior's All in All,

And will lend,

All assistance that I need,
And the way will safely lead,
As I onward onward speed,

To the end.

